MASARYK
OF
CZECHOSLOVAKIA

D. A. LOWRIE

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PRESIDENT MASARYK STARTING FOR HIS DAILY RIDE

MASARYK
OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA

A Life of TOMAS G. MASARYK
First President of the Czechoslovak Republic

by DONALD A. LOWRIE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
BASIL MATHEWS

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'The genius is he who has overcome his natural dislike of work.'

MASARYK

Printed in Great Britain

FOREWORD

PERSONAL acquaintance with President Masaryk through the past seven years has convinced me that he is probably the greatest personality alive on our globe to-day. My admiration for his character has made the preparation of this little book a task at once fearful and pleasurable. Fearful because how could mere pen and ink give a true picture of the hero? Pleasurable because it is always a joy to share with one's friends a story so full of romantic adventure. If it helps you who read it to a better understanding of one noble life, the book will have been worth writing.

For special assistance in this task I am indebted to Mr. Vasil K. Skrach, personal secretary to President Masaryk, to Mr. Jaroslav Šimsa, in charge of the Publication Department of the Young Men's Christian Association in Czechoslovakia, and to Dr. Jaroslav Novak, Consul-General of the Czechoslovak Republic in New York City. The counsel and encouragement of Mr. Basil Mathews have been invaluable. Without the intimate co-operation of my wife in typing as well as in criticism of the text, the book would probably never have been completed. And most of all I feel deep indebtedness to the subject of the book himself, for the charm of his friendship and the inspiration of his life. This book is a small drop in the wave of loving tribute which will flow about his eightieth birthday.

D. A. L.

SEVILLE, OHIO,
October 1929.

INTRODUCTION

A HORSE'S hoofs clattered on the stones of the great courtyard of the Castle of Prague. A groom was leading the splendid, glossy animal towards a gateway. There he stopped, waiting.

'For whom?' I wondered.

It was the gateway under which Emperors had passed from their palace amid the waving of banners, the sound of trumpets, and the flash of swords. Since the days when Alfred the Great was King in England, the successive castles on this great hill above the river Ultava had been the home of princes, ruling in the land of Bohemia over one of the most ancient and lovely cities in Europe.

Suddenly, with a quick, alert step a tall man, lithe, slim, athletic, and erect as a pine-tree, stepped out of the shadow of the arch. He was nearly eighty years old, dressed in simple black civilian coat, riding breeches, and gaiters. Putting his foot in the stirrup, he swung easily into the saddle and was off for his daily ride, the man who seemed to me, watching him there, to be the greatest man in all Europe—Tomas Garrigue Masaryk, first President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

Watching him ride off, attended by no military retinue and surrounded by no pomp, I remembered the thrill with which, as a boy, I read those amazing stories, bearing such titles as *From Log-Cabin to White House.* They told the lives of men like Abraham Lincoln who had started life as the sons of poor, ignorant folk in

the backwoods and had climbed the ladder of life by heroic work and powerful character until they came to preside over the life of their nation. This man, Tomas Masaryk, had, I reflected, done all that. But he had achieved something far greater. He had, amid the wild inferno of the Great War, created the state that he was to rule. He is the supreme heroic figure not simply in ruling his republic, but—taking his life in his hands—in having blasted away the rocks of imperialism, and having, in comradeship with splendid lieutenants, built this new free republic from the very foundations.

My mind went back to the village where the small boy, Tomas Masaryk, was born in March 1850, the son of a village teamster, a bondman in semi-slavery who could not write, and of a village woman who came to her husband from service as a housemaid in Vienna. From his wonderful mother he got a longing for a larger education, from his father a hatred of servitude, and from them both his unflinching, lifelong loyalty to truth.

The scraping and contriving of his mother carried him to school and then, following his father's wrath over a boyish escapade in raiding a vineyard, he went into apprenticeship under a Vienna locksmith; a service from which he ran away, reaching home to help the blacksmith in his village and leaping from that to the penniless post of pupil teacher. In it all he burned with a passion for books, even atlases on which he doted, and vocabularies of foreign words which he learned by heart. The boy, thus, learned German

from his mother, Czech and Slovak from his father and his neighbours, Polish from some soldiers and, later, from a university, Russian, Latin, and Greek, with English from his American wife.

So Masaryk became a citizen of the world. Yet, with all his white heat of intellect, he learned to use his body and keep fit, to box, to wrestle, to swim, and to ride, to shoot straight, and to walk fast and far.

The passion for the freedom of his own people who had for three hundred years felt the yoke of Austrian rule so burned in him that, when he became professor in the University of Prague, his pupils, spread far and wide across Europe and even America, and into Britain, became kindled by him as flaming centres of Czech national hope. The tremendous drama of the war opened. With iron will and untiring labour, Masaryk, with his multitude of Czech friends in every part of the western world, performed the miracle of establishing on earth the commonwealth that they had already shaped in the white flame of their hope and imagination.

So he created a new state, and became the Father of his people.

Wherever I went through Czechoslovakia, whether into a peasant's home or a primitive hostelry in Banska Bystrica, or into the study of a professor in Prague, or the home of a pastor in Bratislava, I found either the portrait or the beautifully moulded bust of Tomas Masaryk, the man whose clear eyes and firm mouth; whose strong chin hidden under the short pointed beard;

whose lofty forehead and upright bearing make him the very symbol of truth, will, vision, uprightness, and energy.

I resolved that day, as he went riding out of the castle courtyard at Prague, that if his portrait could not be in every home across the world, at least there should be a life of him written that would tell the youth of the nations the inspiring story of this heroic knight, this 'Lion-heart' of the Twentieth Century.

This book, written by a young man who knows Tomas Masaryk with some intimacy and acclaims him as a world hero—by a writer who has already lived in or visited almost every land where Masaryk has seen his adventures—is the fruit of that resolve. It is alive on every page. The pulse of truth and freedom beat in every part of it. It appears when all the world is celebrating the eightieth birthday of our hero, in the hope that among its many readers for decades to come there may be, not only multitudes of adults who will acclaim him as a great world-possession, but boys and girls who will give, both to their own countries and to the world, a stalwart, chivalrous, freedom- and peace-loving citizenship like that which breathes in President Masaryk.

BASIL MATHEWS

February 1930.

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'Nothing is great if it is not true.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER I

FLAGS

THE special train was shabby, and needed paint as badly as all other trains on the Austrian railroads after four and a half years of war, but it puffed into the station on a dull morning in December 1918 as proudly as though it were the Flying Scotsman. For Prague this was to be the most glorious day in all its twelve hundred years of history. Out of the rear cars of the train poured a stream of dusty, grey-uniformed men, Czech legionaries, wearing the insignia of the Italian army. With quick strides they formed a guard of honour, their commanding officer took charge, and they stood at salute while out of the train stepped the greatest hero Prague had ever welcomed: Tomas G. Masaryk, President of the new Czechoslovak Republic. A tall, slender figure in a black overcoat and soft felt hat; serious eyes above a pointed white beard, erect carriage as he took the salute of his guard. Then with a firm step he moved forward to receive the greeting of a reception committee.

Outside the station, the centre of interest for the multitude which packed every available vantage space, stood the gilded coach which had always carried this country's rulers on visits in the city, drawn up with four milk-white horses to carry the President through the crowded streets. But he would have none of such royal magnificence. 'This is a democracy,' he said simply. A waiting automobile was hastily prepared.

It had done faithful service through the last war years as a courier car of the Imperial staff. Some cushions, borrowed from another car, raised the rear seat so that its occupants would be better visible to the expectant crowds, garlands draped its sides and wind-screen, while two small potted palms, set into the corners of the folded top, stood like leafy bayonets to guard the passengers. It was as simple and war-worn as were the silent throngs, tremulous with emotion, waiting there in the grey morning. The dark blue overcoats of the Austro-Hungarian army uniforms mingled in the crowd with the civilians of Prague, their Sunday best none too fresh after these years of hardship. Only occasional groups of peasant costumes, their colours as brilliant as the rainbow, and near the entrance the assembled flags of a hundred patriotic societies, silk and velvet and gold, offered some relief to the general drab.

As the President himself said, that day seemed like living in a fairy tale. Three centuries of oppression ended; the ancient Hapsburg autocracy gone overnight. Yesterday at Budejovice, as they crossed the border of their own country, many of the legionaries, home again after four years in prison camps and foreign armies, had knelt in true Slavic fashion to kiss the soil of their fatherland. Here in Prague the Central Railroad terminus, for a quarter of a century known as the Emperor Franz Joseph Station, now bore the name of President Wilson, and stone-cutters were at work chiselling away the old Imperial monogram and setting a new 'W' in its place.

A stir in the black-coated group of officials at the station portal and the field-grey troops from Italy presented arms again. Somewhere on the castle hill a cannon boomed, the massed flags dipped to earth in a salute that was almost adoration, and the President took his place in the flower-decked car at the head of the procession.

It was a grey morning in a grey old city; even the clothes the people wore were dull and colourless; but their faces, as the procession passed through street after crowded street—Ah, there was light! For a moment even the bread-cards and the sparse meat rations were forgotten; forgotten the promise that England and America 'would soon send food, especially fats'; forgotten the gruelling siege of the world war. The little more than a month since the Armistice seemed unreal as a dream. There had been the bloodless revolution and a new government already sat in the Parliament House. Vaguely they knew that; but here was that new government's head, the Father of their country. The war was over, but, more than that, three hundred years of bondage to a foreign emperor were ended, and here was the man chiefly responsible for the new independence. One who rode with the President through the packed streets cherishes this as his chief impression of that wonderful day: faces, young and old, greyed and furrowed by the nightmare of the war, suddenly blossoming into radiance at the sight of their liberator; quick tears shining on faces that beamed with joy. The blare of trumpets

was scarcely heard amidst the shouting throng; 'Na zdar!' 'Welcome!' 'Our country's Father!' 'Long live Masaryk!' So the cortège moved slowly along the cobbled streets of Prague to the steady beat of the cannon on the castle hill booming out the royal salute.

The procession was typical of the tragic times just past, and the gladness in days ahead. There were the Italian legionaries, with French-looking berets on their heads, flanking the President's car with shouldered rifles. There were the mounted Sokol officials, tan uniforms with red-lined capes and a falcon feather in each cap. There were the groups of peasants in costume from every corner of the Republic, each village distinct from every other, in full white sleeves, crimson bodices, shining black boots, and flowered head-dresses. There was a company of legionaries returned from Russia, in sheepskin caps like inverted flower-pots of grey fur, grey-brown overcoats belted at the waist, heavy boots pounding along the cobbles, the vicious Russian bayonets gleaming at the end of their rifles. The little snow which had fallen that morning seemed mostly to have collected on the cornices and carvings of the black old houses of Prague outlining in soft white every corner of roof and tower, and making a background as perfect as in a play. Slowly the procession moved amidst the exuberant crowds, down the great street in front of the 'Museum of the Kingdom of Bohemia', now no more a kingdom. Everywhere were flags: not the present red, white, and blue of the

Republic, but the simple red and white of those revolutionary times, plentifully mixed with flags of the Allies, Britain and France especially, and hundreds upon hundreds of American stars and stripes. Flags, big and little, of every conceivable material, made mostly by enthusiastic fingers in Prague homes. And flowers in every window: flowers as many as Prague's poverty could afford. And endless crowds of serious, patient folk, waiting until actual sight of their leader before giving way to this joy so new that it was almost incredible.

On the automobile moved, out through the street already named for the date of the revolution '28th of October', past the National Theatre, twice rebuilt by the sacrifices of the patriotic nation, and along the river front with the castle hill and its towering cathedral looking down from the other side. And everywhere massed throngs, voices hoarse with joy, flags of every size and shape in windows and shops, and waving hands. The Parliament was reached at last and the official reception began. In the name of the Czecho-slovak nation, not its greatest general stepped forward to greet the liberator, but Jirasek the poet, oldest and best-loved of Czech authors. Brief as it was, his address of welcome fitly expressed the wondering joy with which the million people in Prague's streets that morning welcomed the Father of their Country.

'You left the country at the time of its greatest slavery: you return to-day as the first President of a free state. You left Prague alone: now you re-enter it at the head of a noble

company of victorious Czechoslovak warriors.—Our age-long enemy is vanquished. We have lived to see the deepest desire of our hearts fulfilled—the government of our country returned to our hands. No such glorious moment has been ours for centuries. Your work has been blessed, Mr. President, and blessed shall be the new epoch in our nation's history which you have begun. Welcome, to you, our hero, our victor. Generations to come shall bless your name.'

That day the London *Times* wrote:

'Perhaps never again in one day and place will the true significance of the great war and the sanctity of the Allies' cause be so completely evident. Would that the whole Allied world might have been in this city on the banks of the Moldau and could have witnessed the joy of this nation redeemed from bondage through the victory of the Allies. They would say with the heroes who died to bring it about: "It is enough; it is worth the price we paid!" '

Before the National Assembly in the Parliament building, Masaryk took the president's oath: 'I promise on my honour and conscience that I will act for the welfare of this Republic and its people, and respect its laws.' The Assembly stood with bared heads while the national hymns of the Czechs and Slovaks were sung, and then the central figure moved out again to finish the progress through the city and up to the castle, built for Austrian monarchs, now to be the official home of the nation's president. Again the jubilant crowds, the flags, the shouted blessings. The National Assembly issued a message to the country which said: 'With Tomas Masaryk at the head of this free Republic, every Czech living should count it a privilege that we live in the presence of such a man, that we look upon his face, that we can listen to his words of wisdom.'

MASARYK GREETING A LITTLE GIRL IN PEASANT COSTUME

And the hero himself, as he rode through such throngs of his fellow countrymen: what were his thoughts? Was he, too, half-bursting with joy at the great liberation he had made possible? From his own words we know that mostly he was thinking of the difficult tasks ahead, the heavy responsibility of building up the state now restored to freedom. But probably he has been too modest to tell us all his thoughts on that momentous day: he must have thought of his home and family, of the four years of peril just passed, of his wife in the sanatorium, a hopeless invalid whose heroic role in the dramatic years at home had cost her health, of the daughter who had spent most of those terrible years in a Hapsburg prison.

He must have thought, too, of himself; of the career, stranger than any romance, which lay in the nearly seventy years behind him. Then all at once, amid the pressing crowd along the narrow street climbing up to the castle, he sighted a group which made his eyes light up in recognition: an old woman in an embroidered leather coat, bluish-black fur collar, and a dark blue and brown kerchief over her head; by her side a blooming young girl in the costume of his home province, billowy blue skirts, yellow satin sash, a red bodice, and balloon-like white sleeves below a brilliant red-flowered kerchief. And beside the two was an old man from Chaykovitz, his own Moravian town, in high tight boots, suit of embroidered black velvet, and a round felt hat. The man's face, flushed with emotion, was strangely like that of Benes, the master blacksmith

in that Moravian village. A squeaking spring in the 'democratic' automobile moving over the Prague cobblestones suddenly became in his thoughts the squeak of bellows pumped by a scrawny, sooty-faced boy of fourteen, and for an instant the President was again that boy in the blacksmith's shop. Close on the heels of this came a flood of still earlier memories: of boys' games and boys' troubles, of the stern realities of peasant life on an Imperial estate, when his masters rode in equipages like the grand coach he had just declined. 'Our little Father' the crowds were calling, but for a second of memory he was a boy again.

'No one will ever know greatness, who cannot begin with small things.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER II

A WHISTLE, A GIPSY, AND A JEWS' HARP

WHETHER it was his father, stamping into his great boots, that had wakened him so early, or the rattle of a wheelbarrow bumping over the cobbles outside, and squeaking a little as it went, the boy was not certain. From beneath the billowy feather bed he peeped out to see what kind of day it would be. His father's burly shoulders topped by bushy black hair and a blowzy beard were just vanishing through the door. Already he could hear the horses nuzzling their empty feed-boxes in the stables on the other side of the wall against which his bed stood. And then he remembered: this was market-day—and with a bound he was out from under the feathers, into his clothes, and across the street-corner to the town square. The neighbour next door came along with his wheelbarrow again, a rude legless frame of round poles, sagging a little under the sacks of grain piled on it. He stopped a bit, stooping to let the handles rest on the ground and the shoulder-strap which helped support the weight slip over his head:

'Morning, Tomas,' he said, 'I hear you are going to move again.'

His father, coming round the corner from the stable, took the answer out of the boy's mouth:

'Yes, worse luck, back to Chaykovitz.' The boy saw his father's great fists clench. 'They need a teamster in

those stables. But what can a bondman expect? If a man were free—'

The boy wondered what they meant, as he hurried on towards the market-square. He had a vague feeling that it concerned the 'quality' there in the castle at the edge of the village, but just how, he could not see. Anyway here was the market-place and there were other things to think about. Already the women were coming, with huge square wicker baskets tied like packs to their shoulders. Out of them peeped cabbages and onions, the bright orange points of carrots. Here came another woman, over either arm a basket with its cloth cover sewed on, and the long necks of two white geese stretched inquiringly out of each. And the candy woman was beginning to set up the framework of her tent-like booth; Tomas ran to help. It was fun to hold the sticks while she tied them together with bits of string. The candy woman wore a pink bodice and stiffly pleated blue skirts coming just below the top of her shiny black boots. The leg part of such boots always reminded the boy of an accordion, all regular wrinkles, right down to the ankles. And the candy woman's boots were always so shiny—like his mother's on Sunday. Together with several other boys, arrived at the same time, he offered his services. The woman smilingly accepted the assistance: 'All right. Here, Tommy, let me hold you up to tie these top pieces. They're just out of my reach.' Next the piece of canvas went over the top, and then came the marvellous experience of unpacking, from the cases she had brought, the glass jars

of shiny hard candies, red and green and amber colour, and setting them up in rows on the single plank which served as store-shelf and counter both in one.

The array of glistening jars with their vari-coloured contents made a most attractive picture, but more interesting still was the booth next to it, with bright brass harness-buckles, scythe-blades, and, most wonderful of all, a great array of knives, some big ones for the kitchen, but some small pocket-knives, with which one could carve so many things. Tomas thought that if his father was as rich as the village assessor, he might have a knife, like the assessor's boy. It was a truly wonderful booth, but the man who kept it was a Jew, and every one knew that Jews sometimes ate little Christian boys, so no boy dared go very near him. Like other traders in the market, he had stylish city clothes, grey cloth with rather baggy trousers, not like the men in the village. Here was a group of mowers for instance, in tight-fitting linen pants, blue aprons, and round felt hats. They must be starting off for a distant part of the estate, since they carried their scythes unfixed, with the blades turned down and tied along the handle.

Here came Hans, the assessor's boy. Tomas went to meet him.

'Look what I've got,' and he held out his hand to exhibit a black ring on his middle finger. 'It 's made of horsehair.'

'Let 's look at it,'said Hans, and then 'How do you make them?'

'Will you let me use your knife if I show you?' the

other demanded. 'My father knows how to make whole chains out of hair.'

While Hans was experimenting with the new art, Tomas was cutting away at a bit of willow stick he wished to turn into a whistle. There had been another attempt at a flute to be manufactured from a goose-bone, but that was not very successful: a knife was not always to be borrowed, and anyway boys didn't like you to cut bone with their knives. This whistle really made a sound, rather squeaky to be sure, but enough to bring together all the ten-year-olds in the market-place. In another half-hour a group had organized a soldiers' band, and tramping and piping they went off towards the river.

As they went, the thin tinkle of a bell reminded them of six o'clock mass, and they met the priest, sedate in his long black clothes, striding towards the church. Tomas was glad that it was not Sunday, or he would have had to go with the Father. He liked assisting at the mass, but down at the river-side was that unfinished tunnel, and they ought to get it done to-day. The tunnel was to pierce a point of land at the edge of the water. It was to be nearly high enough to crawl through on your knees, and when it was done a train could run through it. Just where the train was to come from was a problem for the future, and when the boy grew up he remembered with a smile the optimism of those youthful tunnel-builders. There were other tunnels to build, when he became a man, tunnels for secret information during the great war, but here in the village the boy did not dream of the tasks ahead.

In our times when slavery, even of the most primitive men, is almost a thing of the past, it is difficult to imagine the conditions under which the boy lived, less than one hundred miles from Vienna. Ten years before, serfdom had been formally abolished, as one of the results of the uprisings of 1848, but on the great Imperial estates, where Josef Masaryk was a teamster, the gentry still dealt with their servants and all the employees of the great farms very much as though they were slaves. Even a boy could not fail to feel the effect of such a system in his own and others' lives. The frequent moving from place to place—a teamster needed in some other section of the estate, perhaps twenty miles away, and the little family must pack together its pitifully few belongings and go off to live a few months or a few years in the servants' quarters of some other complex of stables, barns, and outbuildings. The boy saw how his father and the other workmen hated their work, how although they doffed their caps politely every time one of the gentry passed, yet in their eyes and in their hearts was anger and distrust. He saw how they quivered with fear before the lord of the manor, for with a word he might deprive them of their only means of earning a living. Before the boy could go to school, with the idea of becoming a teacher instead of a farm hand, his father must go to the director of the estate in the great house at the head of the village, kiss his hand, and beg permission for his son to study.

The boy's mother, he knew, had had even closer contact with the world of the great and powerful. She

had served as housemaid in Vienna. She used to tell about the splendid rooms, the fine clothes her mistress wore, and the good manners of the children. And she had served in the château at Hodonin, where instead of hating her mistress she seemed to like her, and often in difficult times went to her for advice. From this contact with a different world, the mother longed for her boys to have the education which would give them a chance to be something else than farm labourers. Masaryk told his friends in later years that his mother was chiefly responsible for his going to school.

He knew his mother would have been in church this morning if there had not been so much work at home. Her large dark eyes would take on such a wonderful expression as she told him about the pictures in the book on her knee. What great ideals she had for him! If only they had been rich, she might even have hoped to see him a priest, but that was a calling reserved for the sons of the gentry. Nevertheless, the boy absorbed her ideals and her principles: serve God by serving men; the truth is always best; and when, later in life, he thought out for himself a complete system of religion and morals, he began with the fundamental fact of prayers at his mother's knee.

Building the tunnel lost interest after a while, and the boy withdrew a little from the rest of the workers as he so often did, to think about what his father had said that morning. Chaykovitz—why they had lived there only a few months ago! A ten-year-old has memories as full as a man of fifty, and Tomas's thoughts

were immediately busy with his recollections of the neighbouring town. That was where the horse had run away, breaking right through the busy square with every one scrambling out of the way. And he remembered how a little child had somehow been left in the path of the terrified animal, and the look on people's faces as it came near—and the surprise and joy when the horse had run on down the street, to find the baby unharmed. He remembered the school in Chaykovitz, a dingy crowded place, and especially the teacher, a sort of assistant priest and itinerant musician, with great knotted, spade-like hands. He had to eke out a living by doing all sorts of things other than teaching: writing letters for people who could not write, singing at funerals, helping with the church service, and at Christmas time he used to go out with younger people carrying the lighted star and singing carols for the pennies people would give them. Tomas remembered how he went with other boys, at wine-making time, carrying a small keg and stopping at each house where the farmer poured in a little of the new wine for the teacher's share. And how the poor fellow, having no other place to keep it, had to leave his keg of wine behind the stove in the schoolroom until it spoiled. The farmers took advantage of his poverty, and always drove the hardest possible bargain with him for his year's teaching. The boys sometimes felt that in the frequent whippings he gave them he was only expressing his natural feeling of resentment against their parents.

Some of the other men on the estate would not let

their sons go to school: they said it would make them think themselves better than their elders, but the Masaryk boys were given the chance: their father thought it would help them earn more, and their mother had visions of her boys as more than serfs on an Imperial estate. Tomas's father profited doubly by having his boys taught: he learned from them at home. As a farm-lad in Kopchan, his Slovak home, the only schooling he ever got was when an old woman, the widow of a soldier, had taught him to read, in exchange for his work digging her potatoes. A great deal of potato digging it took to pay for a little instruction, and Josef Masaryk could read, but had never learned to write. And sometimes as overseer for other peasant workmen he had to make reports about how long each had worked and how much he had earned. Here Tomas used to help his father, writing out the reports, and ruling the account books.

Another thing Tomas remembered in Chaykovitz was the smithy. Their stables had been just across the road, and hour after hour the boys had spent watching the operations in that shop. He liked to watch the plump farm horses brought in for new shoes, the skill with which the smith managed to deal with even the most sensitive hoofs, and to smell the acrid smell as the hot iron was first tried on, but best of all to see the smith at his anvil, the powerful and yet beautifully deft blows with the sledge or hammer, the splash of sparks, the pointed blue of the flame in the forge. Sometimes the boy was allowed to step on the treadle of the bellows, working his feet to

keep the flame hot. The smith was no ordinary horse-shoer. He had served a long four-year apprenticeship and could call himself 'Kurschmied' or skilled black-smith. He knew how to mend locks and how to temper scythe-blades. And most attractive of all, he could use those bulging muscular arms and the heavy hammers to make almost anything from the glowing iron: a hinge for the door in the castle, with splendid curving arabesques, or a fancy driving bit for the count's new blood-horse, or nails or chisels or keys—the boy was sure the smith's skill knew no limits whatever.

He could probably have made a jews' harp, the boy thought, and he remembered one of the great disappointments of his life. One day a group of gipsies had come through the village, and of course the children followed them about. One handsome, gay fellow sat on the wall of the barn in the warm sunshine, and made the most amazing music, half metallic hum, half whistle, with an instrument he held against his lips and strummed with one finger. The boy was fascinated. The gipsy obligingly showed him what he was playing on: a lyre-shaped bit of metal with a thin spring-like tongue. He said it was a 'grumle'. Modern boys call it a jews' harp. Tomas was all eyes.

'Where did you get it?' he wanted to know.

'Made it,' said the gipsy.

'Would you make me one?'

'Well, yes, but you'll have to bring me some iron,' the other agreed.

The boy ran off and a moment later came back with

a horseshoe he had found in the barnyard. The gipsy noted that it would sell for a few kreuzers at the nearest smithy.

'Now you must bring me some bread,' was the next demand, and Tomas had to go to ask his mother for a slice from the great round loaf on the kitchen table.

'That isn't enough to pay for a jews' harp,' the man asserted; 'couldn't you find a little butter or a couple of eggs?'

Such things were not so easy to obtain from a mother whose chief care was to find enough food for the hungry mouths of three children, but the boy was so set upon having his 'grumle' that in a few minutes he could put into the gipsy's waiting hands the desired articles.

'That 's good.' The gipsy swung down off the wall. 'The next time I come through here, I'll bring that jews' harp,' and he sauntered easily out of the village. Day after day Tomas watched for his return; he used to go to look at the particular spot on the wall where the gipsy-man had sat, but he never came back, and the jews' harp was still a dream unrealized. Perhaps if they went back to Chaykovitz that gipsy would come again, after all.

Thinking of the gipsies reminded Tomas of the dreadful place in the château stables where one old tramp had hanged himself. The boys all knew the exact door and could show you the place. Once another tramp who knew about it too, told Tomas what sort of person the old man had been; but even he could not answer the boy's question as to why the poor fellow had

wished to die. To Tomas that stable was a place of horror, and he never set foot over its threshold. But the strange idea never left his mind: it seemed so incomprehensible, so contrary to all the rules of nature all about, that any one should take his own life. Some years later he read of the heroism and the suffering others had gone through to preserve their lives, even in the most desperate situations, and the mystery became more baffling than ever. When Tomas became a professor in the university, the first book he published was a study of suicide, a scientific inquiry into the question which had haunted his mind since boyhood.

There were other more pleasant memories of Chaykovitz. Not all Tomas's study there had been in the crowded, unkempt village school. The boy in the château, son of the castellan, the manager of the estate, was having a private tutor, and in order to give his boy companionship the castellan had asked Tomas to study with him. The fact that Tomas was first among the boys of his age in school doubtless had something to do with the choice. What good times they had together! The lessons were more interesting than in the village school, and the playtimes were wonderful. They rummaged about in the library. There were more books than Tomas thought there could be in the whole world. Huge volumes from an old Jesuit monastery, with crumbling, leather bindings that smelt musty when you opened them. Many of these had strange quotations amidst their old-style German texts: the castellan said they were Latin. Tomas and his friend talked about

what a strange thing it was to put words into books which ordinary folk could not read. There were old church service-books, too, and the boys played at church, one of them as the preacher and the other the audience. But best of all there were story books, stories for boys, such as no one in the village had ever seen. Here were tales of adventure: here were pictures and stories of the knights who once roamed through Moravia, plumed and armoured, and looking for brave deeds to do. The boys began to play at knighthood. The castellan became interested, and soon each was equipped with a uniform, plumed helmet, a wooden sword, and a patient donkey on which to ride. There were jousting-bouts and long parades, and on Sundays the village boys were enlisted into rival armies, each with a mounted 'general' at its head. And then the battle raged. Whether the battles become too strenuous for the nobleman's son, or whether the village boys could not resist the temptation to make the nobility take its punishment once there was a fairly even chance, no one knows, but the donkeys were taken away. And soon after, the Masaryks had to move to Chaytz, and all the good times had to stop.

Life in the Masaryk family was much like that of other people in the village. Perhaps the mother, burdened though she was with the cares of a peasant home, managed to educate her family a little more than other mothers, since she herself had lived with 'the quality' and knew more of good manners. Certain it is that the boy grew up in an ideal atmosphere of home-training: here he absorbed his rigid honesty and the fearless

speaking of the truth which characterized his whole life. The family knew how to respect the nobility, but escaped the abject servility which so often colours such relationships.

Josef Masaryk was in the house but seldom. His long hours at his work in the stables or in the fields gave him little time for his children. But from him they unconsciously absorbed the stern sense of duty, the conscientious use of time which to one of them, at least, was so useful in later life. From him, too, they learned to observe and love the life of things about them in the fields. One early spring day he came to the kitchen and took from inside his coat a baby rabbit he had found crouching in a horse's hoof-print in the muddy snow in the lane, and the boys never forgot how, holding the trembling, warm, brown thing in his great hands, he told them all about a rabbit's life: where he lives, what he likes to eat, and how he hides from his enemies.

Then as now, the greater part of the direct training fell to the share of the mother. From her Tomas learned the thousand things which go to make good character. The love of her heart surrounded all his boyhood, and gave the inspiration of his maturer years. Years later, when he was the most popular professor in the university of Prague, he said: 'To the care and careful training of my good mother, to her sacrificial love, I owe everything; the love of my parents and my two brothers has always been a rich source of inner strength in the most difficult moments of my life.'

Alone with his mother, Tomas spoke German.

Some of the other village boys thought this the language of the gentry only, but Tomas knew that his mother had been born in a German family, and that only after she married had she begun to speak Czech. When his father was in the house, the boys and their mother usually spoke Czech, with the broad Slovak accent the father inherited from his native village. Sometimes the other boys smiled at Tomas for using a different accent from that current in the town. Perhaps this gave him one of his earliest incentives to sympathy with people or groups for some reason different or unpopular. Once, he remembered, some Uhlan troops had been quartered in the village, who spoke a strange language all their own. They said they were Poles. Some of the Czechs in the village could understand them, but Tomas could not make out what they were saying, although some words were strangely familiar. He noted the strange words in their speech and used to say some of them over to himself. A few years later he was learning Polish, and some of these soldier-phrases came back to his memory.

All things considered, it was not so bad to return to Chaykovitz, Tomas thought, as he walked towards home. He knew what moving meant, the beds taken down, the kettles packed, all the other children of the village crowding around to watch the departure. One thing should be looked after at once. From the rear corner of a wardrobe in the room which was living-, bed-, and dining-room, he unearthed a small leather bag, the size of his two fists. Untying the string he made a careful

recount of his treasures:—four red beans, some one said they grew in the ocean; the brass button from a dragoon's uniform; three shiny stones, picked up near the brook. One was almost like glass: if only it might be made smoother you could see through it. There was a pair of dice, made painfully by rubbing bits of brick on the stone doorstep. All these Tomas considered carefully and put back into the bag. But the special treasure which could not be exposed to too much risk in moving was a piece of cut crystal, once part of the church chandelier: one could see how a piece, broken out, showed where the hook had been. This piece of wealth Tomas decided to carry, and rewrapping it carefully in its bit of rag, he stowed it away in his trousers-pocket.

A few days later saw the moving actually carried out. The cart drawn by two cream-coloured oxen, their great horns clashing occasionally as they moved slowly down the road, carried all the Masaryk family possessed. A few pieces of the simplest furniture, the inevitable feather beds in their pink and blue ticks, and on top of them the three boys, thrilled at the four-mile journey ahead. Father Masaryk walked along beside the plodding oxen, his usually kindly eyes dark with discontent. Although he and all his family before him had been serfs, he chafed under the servitude, and dreamed of a day when he should be free.

'Do not always try to be first; it is often enough to be second or third.'

MASARYK.

CHAPTER III

WITCHES, SCHOOL-TEACHERS, AND HUNTSMEN

THAT autumn was one of the finest the boy had ever experienced. He was old enough now to be doing his share to help with the work about the place. Sometimes it was indoors, and he helped with the baking. His mother had been up since three in the morning to knead once more the lumps of dough which had lain all night in their baskets beside the stove. A little later he watched while she built a blazing fire in the brick oven out in the yard. He could carry wood, and was sometimes allowed to help with the long-handled rake his mother used, to scrape all the coals out of the oven, once the fire was hot enough. Alongside the round loaves about the size of a Ford tyre, the boys were allowed to bake their own little cakes of bread dough, and to pull them out, still so hot that they had to be tossed from one hand to the other to cool. As a special treat mother sometimes gave them cracklings to eat with their cakes—what a feast! The boy never forgot the taste of those bread cakes of his own baking.

Or there were the geese to watch in the pasture by the brook, or the interesting task of going with the other boys to glean in the rye-fields after the reapers, picking up the stray heads of grain, holding them in one hand like a golden bouquet until not one stalk more could be contained in the extended fingers and then adding them to his mother's pile at the side of the field.

One memorable evening he was allowed to sit awhile with old Jan, out in the vineyard. Jan was a man with a wooden stick instead of one leg. His foot had frozen off when he was a soldier in the Italian war. He could tell the most breathless stories of campaigns in the mountains, of the movements of great battalions (he called them 'pattalions') and stirring battles. Tomas could never understand which side Jan had served with, and Jan himself seemed not very clear about it, but he was a most entertaining companion, and Tomas could listen to him for hours. In the autumn when the grapes were nearing ripeness, Jan used to go out and live in the tiny thatched kennel-like house, half dug-out, to guard the vineyard at night. He had a long rusty gun and might shoot if any one came to take the grapes. In the daytime he slept inside, on a yellow straw mat on the floor, but at night he sat out of doors, muffled in a greatcoat, smoked his pipe, and was glad to tell stories to boys who would keep him company. A pale moon hung low over the hill, but heavy mists coming up from the valleys almost hid it, and Jan had lighted a small fire to keep warm by. A sudden chattering noise out in the darkness stopped the conversation.

'Do you suppose that 's the "Klekanitsa?" ' the boy whispered, awesomely. The 'Klekanitsa', as everybody knew, was the spirit which haunted the night hours, especially after curfew. It was said to be looking for boys who had not obeyed their parents. Old Jan took his pipe out of his mouth, spat thoughtfully, and delivered his judgement:

'It might be, and then again it might not. You can't be sure unless you meet with one.' The boy edged a bit closer to the tiny fire.

'Did you ever see one, Jan?'

'Not exactly see one,' Jan said, 'but I've been awful close to 'em.'

'The priest says there isn't such a thing, but a boy in Chaytz told me he had seen him. He had long greenish hair, and a brown coat that trailed in the air behind him.'

'I've heard,' said Jan, 'that he had white hair and a long white beard, and eyes that looked like cat's eyes in the darkness.'

'That 's the wizard from the woods—he has that kind of long hair and hands like chicken's claws. They say he talks with the devil at midnight when there 's no moon. We heard the devil talking one day in the church.'

'Not in the church,' said Jan; 'the devil can't go where there 's holy water.'

'But the priest said it was,' urged the boy. 'A woman fell down and began to shriek and groan—she was all huddled up on the floor. Some one said it was the falling sickness, and the priest told us the devil had taken hold of her—'

'Might be,' Jan meditated. 'And then there 's the noonday sprite—if you don't get home when you're supposed to. They like to hide best in tall bushes by the road.'

'But I think the "Klekanitsa" is the worst, at nighttime, that way—'

A few days later the boy had to help with the potato digging and was left alone in the field until nearly dark. How he did run home, as soon as he dared, with the shuddering sense that the Klekanitsa might be just behind him!

At home there was the autumn 'boiling'. Every autumn, all the fruit was gathered and made into a kind of thick jam. Sugar was too expensive to put much in, but the great kettle of pungent fruit had to cook and cook. The boys loved to help feed the fire or to stir the mixture in the cauldron. What a treat it was to lick the wooden spoon! One autumn day travelling acrobats came to town, set up a tight-rope on the village green, and astonished all the people with their tricks. For weeks afterwards, every boy in the village walked on his hands or attempted to walk the tight-rope. Of course a real rope was not to be had, but any wall or the ridge-pole of a house would do. Once some of the boys tried to walk the ridge of the church roof, but the priest chased them off.

Of course there was always school in the autumn—such as it was. With a poorly paid teacher who was really more a general village factotum, especially entrusted with helping in all the church services, wailing out the psalms if there were no other singers, school was not always interesting. Sometimes boys, tiring of the hard, shapeless benches, ran away for the afternoon. Tomas's brother Martin used to do it: there were some loose tiles in the great stove in the corner, and if these were quietly lifted away a hole was made big enough to

crawl through and out of doors. Tomas tried it once: the whole village was so strangely still and lifeless. All the older folk were in the fields, and all the children in the school. He found little to interest him, and the memory of that oppressive loneliness kept him from repeating the experiment.

Out of school hours there were always games. Once his father gave Tomas a bit of rubber—probably a piece of an old pump valve, and he made himself a ball that was the envy of the village; other boys had ordinary balls of tightly wound yarn, but this would bounce off the wall, or the hard path, twice as high as theirs. The boys played horse so realistically that one of them was poisoned by the weeds they gave him for hay. They liked to play a pushing game, each standing on one foot with arms folded, and trying to push the other off his balance by bumping shoulders with him. This was sometimes varied by making it a general battle instead of a duel. Once they tried it in the market-place and crashed into one of the booths where vegetables were laid out for sale. Such a shower of carrots and onions and potatoes spread over the cobbles, and such a shower of vituperation from the old woman who owned the booth fell upon their guilty heads, as she made them gather everything up again!

Sometimes those imitation combats turned into real battles. This was likely to be the case if the boys from Podvorov, the neighbouring village, came to Chaykovitz. Podvorov had no church, only a shrine with a bell which an old woman rang for morning, noon, and even-

ing prayers. Considerable jealousy existed between the two villages. The boys had insulting little verses they used to sing about each other:

The Chaykovitz bucks
They aren't worth shucks,

chanted the Podvorov crowd, and so on. And frequently the meeting turned into a free-for-all tussle. The Podvorov people wore a different costume from the Chaykovitz folk. Tomas knew what that meant, for his Slovak grandmother was always bringing them the skin-tight white felt trousers Slovak boys wore, and urging them to wear them. But Chaykovitz was too modern for that and Tomas never had to make himself so conspicuous; he and his brothers wore their Slovak trousers only on winter nights, to sleep in. Still he was sorry for the Podvorov boys, especially on Sundays when they came to church in Chaykovitz and when there was always a struggle to see who should ring the bells. At best the Podvorov boys could expect to be allowed to ring only one of the smaller bells, and that one a short time. Their group was always the smaller, and several times Tomas astonished his brothers by taking sides against his own village and with the invaders. It did not seem quite fair to have them always beaten. In general he chose his comrades outside the family. Martin, the older brother, was a sort of ideal, but Tomas being two years younger could not share in all his sports. Ludwig, two years younger than Tomas, was an obedient follower when desired. Tomas

made him run errands, share his playthings, and in general ordered him about as an older brother does.

Podvorov came into the life of Chaykovitz for all the church festivals, and especially for funerals. Funerals were a sort of special holiday for every one. The women all left their work for the day and sometimes even the men, and what a gossip they had! The boys always liked it specially if there was a band. Away off over the fields you could hear them coming, the brassy strains of an old waldhorn leading in the doleful music. By the time the boys got to the edge of the village, the procession had arrived there; the four musicians ahead, with two men just behind carrying a cross and a lantern. After them came the bearers with the coffin. Behind the coffin came the people of Podvorov, all in their best Sunday black, the womenfolk occasionally lifting their voices in one of the mournful chants which belong to such a sad proceeding. Arrived in the square, the coffin was set down before the crucifix in front of the church and the bearers went into the tavern opposite to quench their thirst while the priest was getting into his robes. As one of the 'ministrants' Tomas had to keep watch on the parsonage door, to give the word when the clergyman appeared. There was always a hasty gulping down of the last mouthful of ale, and the bearers hustled out to be ready to carry the coffin behind the priest into the church. This guard-duty was part of the little ministrants' task at funerals as well as carrying the censer or holding the service-book in the churchyard. If it was a big funeral, the boys sometimes received

a tip, as well as the priest; a penny apiece from the bearers or the chief mourner.

Tomas liked being a 'ministrant', one of the boys who helped Father Franz with the church service. Father Franz in his long black robe, with little round buttons right up to the white ruff under his chin; Tomas in his lace gown, stepping up at the proper moment to hand the priest a book or to ring the altar bell as the sign for all to kneel, genuflecting or making the sign of the cross at the proper place. It must be wonderful to be a priest, Tomas thought; if he were a rich man's son he might have hoped to be one. Sometimes in the service, the boy thought that Father Franz was like the Lord God, and Tomas his angel. The church itself was like Heaven, thought Tomas: except the château, it was the only building in the village with any light or colour or hint of space and comfort. Here every one had room, while in the houses people lived in, there was nothing but a kitchen, always crowded, and a room full of beds. And the gold carvings about the altar pictures, the incense and the paper flowers, the singing at Sunday mass, all made the church, for him as for the rest of the village-folk, the centre of social as well as religious life. There was no wireless, no easy travel, no moving pictures or cheap illustrated magazines to widen a boy's horizon and tell of life in the great world outside, so the church played chief role in his thought and training. Occasionally it provided glimpses of the outside world also. One Sunday a Hungarian dragoon came to the church, and

the boys could scarcely take their eyes off his fine uniform with the fur collar and the shining spurs which jingled on the stone floor every time he stepped. People said that he came from Budapest where there was a great bridge over the river, made of rubber, which moved up and down when you walked over it.

The whole year was built around the church and its holidays. Soon after the harvest came St. Nicholas's day, with the mitred saint going through the village to distribute gifts accompanied by the Devil, horrible in red mask and pitchfork. Good children received a whistle or a sweet roll or an apple, and the bad ones only a willow switch, presented by the Devil. A few weeks later was Christmas, when the 'Bethlehem' was set up in the church, a faithful model of the Judean town with the shepherds and the angels and the holy family in the stable and the oxen looking out over the manger. And then the 'Three Kings' when children could dress up in paper crowns, and go out by threes, one with his face blackened (for did not the Church tradition teach that one of the wise men was a negro?) carrying a star-shaped lantern with a candle-end burning in it, and singing carols from house to house. People gave them cakes or sometimes an egg—it was all very gay and wonderful. Or again Easter with the plaited whips the boys used to switch the girls in school, or with the chance to go up and down the darkened street, the night before, making a furious noise with the wooden 'clappers' they had made themselves. Easter in the church was a high festival—the lights and the

music, and the effigy in the tomb, guarded by the church elders. Tomas heard that in Hodonin two dragoons with drawn sabres stood by the tomb of Christ, day and night. That must be grand!

Later came the spring sowing, with processions and special prayer services for good crops: the priest ahead, then a man carrying the crucifix and the ministrants with the censer and the holy water. After them the village folk, now and then breaking out in an old hymn, all marching soberly along and stopping, now at a crucifix set up in a field, now at the pile of seed ready for the sowing. Here was again a place for the 'ministrant' to play a prominent role and Tomas loved it. Towards the end of the spring term came the 'visitation' by the senior priest of the diocese, when Father Franz had to make a report on the work of the school, and the pupils had to exhibit their success. There was always a festival dinner, where Father Franz entertained the great visitor, and for which all the peasant women in the village cooked their most delicious dishes. The ministrants served as waiters and of course had their share of the goodies in the kitchen.

One such 'visitation' in Chaykovitz proved fateful for Tomas. The visiting vicar asked what pieces the children knew by heart. During the year one poem had specially appealed to Tomas. It was called 'Above the Stars', and he loved it particularly because it reminded him of the baby sister who had been born and died so soon after, in the Masaryk home. Tomas started to recite it, but the memories it brought filled his eyes with

tears, and he had to stop. The vicar was touched. 'Whose boy is this?' he inquired, and then—'Tell his parents he might grow up to be a teacher himself. They should send him to the grammar school.'

This was easier said than done. The twelve-year-old would have to do some special preparation before he could be accepted in the grammar school. And then the expense! But mothers are people of wonderful resourcefulness, especially where a boy's education is at stake, and Terezie Masaryk was no exception. In her native town of Hustopetz, fourteen miles to the west, was a two-year grammar school. Moreover her sister lived there, where her husband had a little shop. A visit to Hustopetz and the matter was arranged: Tomas would board with his aunt and help about the shop, while his cousin, a girl about his own age, went to live with his family in Chaykovitz. The young assistant teacher in the Chaykovitz school was persuaded to live with the Masaryks through the summer to help train Tomas for his entrance examinations.

Tomas knew Hustopetz well. It was a big town with a church tower. In Chaykovitz the church had none. Once he had been in Hustopetz for the spring bazaar and his uncle had given him six groschen, a fortune sufficient to buy the most attractive thing in the whole market. This was a water-colour set: six tablets of colour upon a small board, with a camels-hair brush, all complete. Tomas walked home that night to Chaykovitz, but was overtaken by a thunder-storm and a flood of rain. The precious colours were in danger, so he put

them under both coat and shirt next to his skin. But the rain came down even harder, wetting him through and through. When he reached home the worst he feared had happened; streaks of blue and yellow and red made his best shirt look like a circus poster and his white skin like an Indian chief in war-paint.

So one October day the boy rode with his mother and the young teacher, Stancl, over the road to Hustopetz. Tomas wore a 'new' suit his mother had made for him from an old coachman's uniform of his father's: blue with brass buttons. It not only made him look different from the other boys in school, it made him feel different when they all laughed at his clothes.

This was the beginning of an estrangement which lasted through the two years Tomas studied in the Hustopetz school. He had brought with him a handbook of 'physiognomy' borrowed from his teacher at home, and he went about studying the character of all his fellow pupils: whether their fingers were sharp or stubby, what type of faces they had, round or triangular, what sort of bumps they had on their heads. The other boys let him do it, amused at the strange procedure, but not inclined to play with a youth who had such different interests. Besides he had some difficulty with the German in which the school was conducted, and as a consequence for the first few months he learned by heart every line of every lesson. Involuntarily he turned for company to his teachers. His favourite was a fine young Czech from Prague, handsome in his black robe with the silk sash, a bit conscious of his good looks.

He walked with the peculiar swaying stride of a young monk just getting used to the confinement of a gown, after all his boyhood in trousers. A friendship sprang up between the man from Bohemia and the boy from Chaykovitz and many were the long conversations they had. For the first time Tomas heard of 'Golden Prague' and the glorious history of the Czechs when they had their own kingdom, before the battle of the White Mountain. When other boys were out at evening pranks or sitting in the corner of a smoky public-house, Tomas was over his books or deep in discussion with his monastic friend.

It was during these years that the boy came to a new impression of his Jewish neighbours. As a child he believed the common superstition about their use of human Christian blood in their religious services, and he used to walk carefully on the other side of the street every time he passed a Jewish house. The Jewish children seemed friendly enough, and would have been glad to play with him, but he was afraid. In Hustopetz for the first time he had a Jewish boy in the same class with himself. One day the class had taken a hike to the hills near by, and at noon while they were all sitting in the garden of an inn, joking noisily over their lunch, some one noticed that Arnold, the Jewish boy, was missing. Curious to know what had become of him, Tomas ran off to search, still laughing loudly as he went. Suddenly his merriment stopped: in the barnyard, behind one of the great doors, the Jewish lad, with his face pressed to the wall, was saying his noonday

prayers. Tomas stopped dead in his tracks and then tiptoed softly away, but the incident kept returning to his mind. Here was a boy who said his prayers just as Christian boys did, and did not forget them, even in the midst of his games. All his life afterwards, he tried to be fair in his attitude towards the Jewish people, and years later when his own life was threatened for demanding justice for a poor, superstition-hunted Jew, he realized that this attitude of mind had begun in Hustopetz.

It was a new world in more than one way, which opened to the boy's eyes in the grammar school. For the first time he heard of the laws of mechanics, and of how all his daily experiences were merely an application of those laws: that the wheelbarrow which squeaked along the cobbles was a one-armed lever and a wheel; that when he walked it was really a succession of falls. Even the sun and stars moved according to laws man could determine. In later life the boy spoke of these two years as his first revelation. The records show that he finished his course with honours. He had good grades in drawing. His logical mind took great pleasure in geometry, and he was the pride of his mathematics teacher.

The first step towards becoming a teacher finished, a new problem faced Tomas's parents. He was now fourteen. But the normal school accepted pupils only at sixteen. How the next two years should be filled was a difficult question. It was decided that Tomas should become 'assistant' in the village school. In

theory this meant that he would assist the teachers a little, chiefly in keeping order in the class-room, help the janitor at night, study singing, and participate with the village priest at funerals. After a few weeks Tomas found out that in reality it meant spending most of his time in the superintendent's kitchen, washing dishes and cleaning vegetables. The life of an 'assistant' was far from easy, and even the church began to lose its attractiveness for a growing lad with nothing to do that interested him.

The church was not only the centre of life, it was the source of authority; not for Tomas alone, but for the whole village. Father Franz was the first and last source of information about everything: the meaning of life and death, the sense of the church's ceremonies, the black and white of the moral law. That religion was something one might discuss, or even venture his own opinion upon, was a concept quite unheard of. The church in the catechism fixed what one had to accept, and that was the end of it. Even when Tomas began to wonder about the 'how' of teachings like that concerning the Trinity or question who was greater, the Emperor or the Pope, Father Franz always answered that these were mysteries, and one should not try to understand. But one boy, at least, wanted to understand—there were so many strange things in the world.

For instance, there was that old almanack he had found in the château, with the article about Russia. From this article it appeared that the Russians, white people like those in Chaykovitz, had another kind of

church, not catholic; that there, too, they went on pilgrimages; that there was a different calendar of saints; that miracles had occurred in this other church, just as in Rome. It was all very strange, and even the information that there were many more catholics in the world than orthodox, while it reassured him somewhat, could not entirely stop his wondering.

He wondered all the more about the 'Helvetians', protestants who were said to have a prayer-room in Klobouk, a town about ten miles away. Catholic boys were forbidden to have any dealings with these strange people. They were said not to believe in bells; their churches had none. The boy did not know that this was the result of imperial decree and not of preference. One day the opportunity came to see things for himself. He had gone with his mother to Klobouk on a 'pilgrimage' when all the villages round gathered for services at a certain shrine, and in the midst of the ceremonies Tomas slipped away to see the protestant house of worship. It took all the nerve he had to step over the threshold. He thought that he might be struck by lightning or that the devil might appear to seize him, but nothing happened. The church was so quiet, so simple, all white walls, a simple table instead of an altar, no pictures. The whole effect was overwhelming. He went away thinking harder than ever before about the difference between the churches. Why did the proverb say 'He holds to that like the Helvetian faith'? Here would be another thing to ask Father Franz if only he dared.

Not that he ever seriously questioned the authority of the church. In the library of the château in Chaykovitz there were heaps of religious books, and the boy, now at the age most greedy for new information, devoured them. There were wonderful stories, of Fabiola the beautiful Roman girl who, rather than deny her faith, died a martyr's death; another, translated from English, about the martyrs of Tilbury. Or another which told of the heroic missionary labours of a young priest in India, whose faith was strong enough to overcome the fatal attractions of a beautiful Hindu princess, and who, like the other heroes of such books, died courageously for his faith. The boy was captured by these examples. He thought what a wonderful thing it would be to go out and preach and suffer and die for the church. In this same collection there were other books, some a hundred years old, scathing Jesuit arguments against protestantism. Tomas absorbed them too, with such zeal for the faith that he began to argue with the only protestant he knew, the wife of the village smith. She was a German girl, quite alone in Chaykovitz, and none too sure of her ground as a protestant. Tomas's arguments, cited at length from the old Jesuit books, so convinced her of the truth in catholicism, that she left her own church and became a catholic like her husband.

It was about this time that another incident occurred which left a permanent mark on young Tomas's mind. The woods about Chaykovitz were all reserved for Imperial hunting grounds. Many times he had heard

his father complain of deer coming to eat the spring crops. Once a troop of hunters galloped gaily across his mother's garden, their horses' hoofs leaving great holes in the soft soil, and he knew how angry it had made his father. Passing through the woods one day, he stopped at the forester's house just as a group of the gentry were having their dinner, after a morning at the chase. Two handsome bucks, a brace of pheasants, and some hares hung outside to prove that the hunt had been successful. There was much loud talk and laughter inside the forester's house, where the dinner was going on, but outside at the kitchen door was a sight he never forgot: a tumbled mass of boys and men, peasants from his own village, scrambled to get at bits of food, left-overs from the lords' table thrown out by the servants inside. It was only a few scraps of macaroni (the boys called it white worms), but the peasants struggled for it like animals. To the boy the sight was almost unbearable: how could people be treated so like dogs? He ran off with hands clenched and tears of anger in his eyes.

Some time later another hunting party stopped at his house and left their fur coats, great soft things, such as the boy had never seen before. 'Here, look after these till we come back,' they ordered. But instead of marvelling at the richness of the stuff committed to his care, the boy had to struggle to restrain himself from doing them some damage: to take a knife and cut them into ribbons, or to stamp upon them with his hob-nailed shoes. This was training for democracy, not in theory but in the bitter practice of his own experience.

Those were times when every day brought new experiences of the inequality of men in the Hapsburg Empire. The young Emperor, in a fever of reaction against the revolutionary movements of 1848, had turned over the government to the army, the priests, and the gendarmes. No one felt safe. People spoke in whispers. At every street corner stood a gendarme, who might report some carelessly spoken word, with a prison sentence as the result. Police officials slunk about the market-places listening for seditious conversation, or visited churches whose pastors were reported as 'unreliable', making notes on the sermons to be reported to the archbishop in Vienna. People were afraid to breathe almost, and when the war broke out between Austria and Italy they prayed secretly for the success of Italian arms. Even a boy of fourteen could feel the tyranny which ruled everywhere, and wonder how it could be thrown off.

'All honest workers are equal, and a good blacksmith is no less admirable than a good president.'

MASARYK.

CHAPTER IV
VIENNA—AND BACK

INSTEAD of two years, as Tomas's mother had planned, the 'assistant' job in the village school lasted only a little while. Tomas might have found it more interesting if there had been real teaching, but most of his time had to be spent in the school-director's home looking after two squalling babies and otherwise being useful to the director's wife. He must kiss her hand, and call her 'Gracious lady' every time he spoke. There was not enough in such a life to satisfy a boy's longing for adventure, which probably explains what happened next.

It was grape harvest-time. One evening the older village boys, sitting in a circle at a quiet street corner, began to cast about for something to do.

'Let 's go up to the south vineyard and steal grapes,' one of them suggested. Tomas wondered why this boy needed to steal grapes: he knew the boy's father had vineyards of his own.

'But hasn't the watchman a shotgun?' another asked.

'Yes, of course, but that 's the fun of it,' was the reply. 'Part of us will sneak over the wall on one side and make a noise until he comes for us, and then run, while the gang on the other side gets away with the fruit.'

It was Tomas's first experience with older boys and although he knew what his parents would think of such

an escapade, he dared not say a word against it, much less try to excuse himself from the expedition.

The scheme worked to perfection. Stealing up on the farther side of the wall, Tomas and four other boys waited until they were certain their comrades would be on the opposite side of the vineyard. With a quick move, two stones were dislodged from the top of the wall. They fell with a scraping crash that sounded in the village night as loud as the judgement-day trumpet. They could hear the watchman coming down the long rows between the vines. It took all their courage to sit quietly until he got nearer. With a shout they were up and running along the outside of the wall. 'Stop or I'll shoot,' the watchman yelled at them, and then fired a salvo. They could hear the shot sing over their heads as they ducked down, running close to the wall. A few minutes later, at a certain corner in a nearby field, the two parties joined again. The other group had armfuls of grapes, and Tomas thought that he had never tasted fruit so sweet.

The next day was not so sweet, however. The whole village knew of the prank. As for the watchman, he must have had cat's eyes, for he knew the name of almost every boy in the party. He came to the Masaryk door at noon to tell Tomas's father. The teamster's face grew dark with anger. It was useless for Tomas to deny the accusation; his guilty face spoke louder than anything he could say. Without a word his father rose, went to the stables and returned with a short length of rope, dipped into the watering-trough on the way to

make it take hold. His mother saved the boy that day, but the next, in school, the director did what his father had not done: every boy in the raiding party was called out, stretched across a bench, and given twenty-five lashes 'to teach him honesty'.

For days after this, the father seemed buried in thought. He rarely spoke to the boy, but Tomas observed several conferences with his mother where he seemed to be the topic of discussion. He overheard something about 'Herr von Mahly' and 'Vienna', but thought little of it. Then one morning, about dawn, he found his father standing beside his bed.

'Get up and pack your things,' he ordered shortly. 'You're going to Vienna. A son of mine has to learn something more useful than grape-stealing.'

With uncertain hands in the dim light, Tomas packed all his belongings into the little trunk that he had brought from Hustopetz. His mother added an extra shirt and a half loaf of bread. He put in his special treasures, books from Hustopetz, including the atlas from which he had studied geography.

It was a long drive to Vienna, and on the way he found out from his mother what was in store for him. 'You remember our speaking of Herr von Mahly. I worked as a housemaid in his family before I was married,' his mother told him. 'When your father and I talked of where we should apprentice you to learn a trade, I thought of him. Father wanted you to be a blacksmith, but Herr von Mahly has a "Kunstschlosserei" (artistic locksmith shop), and after all that is finer

work and gives you a chance to use your talent for drawing.' The boy recalled the dozens of times he had watched their local smith at his work, and thought the prospect of doing finer things still, in the same trade, not unattractive. 'We wrote to Herr von Mahly,' his mother went on, 'and he has agreed to take you on as a regular apprentice. It will cost us something, for we have to supply your clothes the first two years, but if in four years you can turn out to be a licensed locksmith, it will be worth it.' To a boy of fourteen four years seems like a century, but after all it was to be in Vienna, and fourteen-year-olds sometimes feel that they are quite ready to leave their mother's care and fend for themselves. After all, 'teaching' had not been a very satisfying experience, and then to live in Vienna —where the young Emperor could be seen almost every day as he rode out through the streets; and where there were wonderful shows and comfortable coffee-houses— Tomas liked the idea.

The nearer they got to the city, the higher rose his spirits. From afar off they could see the spire of St. Stephen's pointing into the clouds, and as they came closer, the shining tiles on its steep roof, green, blue, yellow, caught the afternoon sun. Tomas had thought Hodonin a fine town, but this was magnificent. The streets were full of busy, hurrying folk, almost none of them in peasant costume. The great houses with polished windows and uniformed lackeys at the door nearly took the boy's breath away. There were carriages in the streets with horses finer than even the nobility

drove when they came to Hodonin to hunt. Then came smaller streets, some of them going steeply up a slope. The houses were not so fine, but still much higher than in Hodonin. They stopped before a door over which hung a great gilded key, half as tall as Tomas himself, and a printed sign, 'Kunstschlosserei'.

Herr von Mahly himself met them in the dusty office, cluttered up with bits of machinery, a gun-lock or two, and even piles of yellowing paper, which Tomas thought might be sketches and designs. He was a roundish, flabby sort of man, with a bald head and small eyes set so close together that his jowls seemed unusually wide, and made his whole face look wedge-shaped, with the small end of the wedge up.

'How are you, Terezie,' he greeted his mother. 'So this is your boy? Well, your mother says you can draw. Is that right?'

Tomas replied that he had had good grades in that subject in the grammar school.

'Good,' the locksmith responded; 'if you're not afraid of work we may make a skilled artisan of you.'

His mother curtsied her thanks, and wondered if she might see where the boy would live.

'Right this way,' said the man, as he led them down a dark corridor. 'Here are the workrooms, and back here is where all the apprentices sleep.' He pushed open the door of a basement room, its windows opening into the court: in this room there was nothing but five beds which filled the space, all but a narrow lane to the window. A row of wooden pegs in the wall held

some pieces of clothing. The boy set down his little hand-trunk.

'Mother made me a green apron,' he volunteered.

'Well, get into it then,' Herr von Mahly said, 'and we'll start you in, this afternoon.'

A few minutes later Tomas was again in the office, his mother had kissed him good-bye and was gone. A strange sense of loneliness smote him suddenly at the pit of his stomach, but he turned his thoughts at once to bright plans for the future.

The first day's work was a disappointment. Instead of beginning to make designs for gun-locks, the boy was placed before a machine for making iron heel-tips. He was taught how to insert a slip of metal in one side of the machine, give the crank a turn, and take out of the other a crescent-shaped tip such as all the boys had on the heels of their shoes to save wear on the leather. It was a purely mechanical job: not a sign of skill or thought about it. Simply insert the slip of soft iron, give the crank a turn, and toss the completed product into a waiting basket. So it went on, day after day. Tomas had never in his life imagined anything so dreary. The food he got was not like that his mother cooked, and he found the companionship of the other apprentices uninteresting, but he could endure these more easily than the monotony of that machine. His only sight of the great city came during the noon recess, for the master did not permit his apprentices to go on the street at night. So hastily cramming down his lunch of bread and 'wurst', Tomas would go out to loiter

before the booksellers' windows. He had never seen so many books, or dreamed of so many kinds. He memorized the titles, and all afternoon he would wonder what they were about.

At night he had his own books. The older boys sat on their beds or lounged about in the shop outside, exchanging stories of their lewd adventures, real or imagined. Tomas read over again the 'physiognomy' book, and thumbed through the geometry. But his chief joy was the atlas, with its maps of all the world, and the names of strange seas and cities. How wonderful it would be to visit London, or sail on the Mediterranean! One could go to see Rome or Egypt with the mysterious sphinx gazing out across the wilderness. How could he guess that one day his own tour round the world would start the Odyssey of Czech armies through Siberia and over eastern seas, and win the freedom of his nation! The other boys called him 'bookworm', and when one night they caught him with tears on his face as he studied the map of his own village district, they made great sport.

And then calamity fell. The next night when he went to get his books from the little trunk under his bed, Tomas found them gone. A joking remark from one of the other boys confirmed his worst suspicion: some one had stolen and sold them! He scarcely slept that night. He could endure the poor food, even the dreary round of the same three movements, repeated endlessly, at the machine, but to be left alone without his books was more than he could stand. The next

noon he summoned courage to enter a bookshop and offer his services as a copyist. He was rudely told to get out, 'Nothing of the sort needed here'. That afternoon at the stamping machine he made up his mind, and before dawn the next morning he was on his way home. But all his life long he carried in his heart a deep sympathy for the labourer, the man who must earn his bread in dull mechanical toil.

It took him two days to cover the more than sixty miles between Vienna and his home. Most of the first day he walked: out through Floridsdorf and Korneuburg and up towards Emstbrunn. The satchel-trunk got heavier and heavier, but on he tramped. Towards evening some market wagons lumbering home from Vienna overtook him, and one of the drivers offered him a ride. That night he slept in a straw stack beside the road beyond Poisdorf. The cold awakened him early and on he went once more. Another driver gave him not only a lift along his way, but, seeing the boy's hungry eyes, shared with him the chunk of grey bread he was eating as his own breakfast. He was going through Fellsburg to Lounsdorf, and Tomas could ride with him most of the way since he was headed for Chaytz, whither the family had moved again while he was in Vienna.

Soon it was all familiar territory, and his heart came into his mouth to recognize the home scenes; the low rolling hills with narrow strips of fields laid on them like ribbon patchwork of green and gold and brown—landscapes that a few years later his compatriot,

Kalvoda, was to immortalize in his paintings. A row of brightly clad peasant women working across a beet field, a dozen or more abreast, each on her own row, chattering as they worked. A village of white-washed houses with their rough foundations painted bright blue or pale green, each house with its tiny garden in front, with maybe a brilliant glass ball on top of a stick to decorate the plot and keep the birds off. The familiar scent of village stables made him want to stop and pat the stamping horses. He passed the time of day with another group of women on their way to the fields, barefoot, but with black stocking legs down to the ankles, each carrying a hoe that was more like a small pointed shovel set at right angles to the end of the stubby handle: an instrument which might have served Millet for his picture of the French peasant with the hoe. One of them carried a whole loaf of bread beneath her arm, like a small wagon-wheel, and Tomas had to restrain himself or he would have asked her to stop, and cut him a slice. The potato fields were pink with blossoms, the air smelled like home, and he nearly forgot his anxiety as to how he would face his father. He had not a plan in his young head. He only knew he must come home, and here he was.

His father, it seemed, did not need any suggestions from his son. Here was a good-for-nothing teacher's assistant and a runaway apprentice. There would be no more playing with fine ideas: he should become a blacksmith in the village as he might have done at first, and no more ado about it. Even here, however, Tomas

had a certain privileged position; instead of the four years' apprenticeship Mr. Benes agreed to prepare the boy in two years for entrance into the military blacksmith school in Vienna. This meant that instead of spending a year or more of his apprenticeship helping Mrs. Benes about the house, he was put directly to work in the smithy. And hard work it was. All summer long and late into the autumn the working day began at four, so that the ploughmen could have their ploughshares sharp for the day, and ended at ten or eleven at night, as the drivers brought in their teams for attention.

And the discipline was as strict as in Vienna: the new pupil was put under the tutelage of an older apprentice, Maurice Donne, son of one of the French families imported into Austria by Francis I, fifty years before. Donne is still living and remembers many things about that time. As the junior apprentice, Tomas was under Donne's orders, and he in turn under the strict command of the master. If any one of the apprentices did things that the master disapproved, like smoking or walking with the village girls, he got his ears thoroughly boxed. Cuffs and blows could also be administered to an apprentice by the customers of the smithy. Donne recalls how one time when young Masaryk thought he knew enough to shoe a farm horse, and started a nail so awkwardly that the nag began to kick, he dodged the animal's hoofs, but could not escape the wrath of its driver, who clouted the awkward smith soundly over the head.

It was a hard life; but Tomas liked it. He loved to

tread the bellows at the very beginning, while Donne showed him how to turn a hook for a log-chain, or how to make a nail. Later he learned the art of tempering scythe-blades, so that they would hold an edge. And when he could take the hammer into his own hand and turn the glowing metal into the shape he desired, the youth felt he was lord of the resisting iron. Years later, when he was wearing the uniform of a student in Brno, he astounded a scornful smith in a village he chanced to pass through, by taking his tools and turning out as neat a shoe as the smith could himself. To this day his right hand shows the curved fingers of one who has spent long months with the sledge and anvil. And still, though he liked the work, and though he learned rapidly, the others noticed that at every noon hour, or every free moment, Tomas was off to a quiet corner with a book or a newspaper. No wonder the older apprentices laughed at him, and taunted him with his past experience. 'Ha, the teamster's son who wanted to be a gentleman, and couldn't manage it!' 'Better tie this boy up at night, Benes, he may run away from you, as he did from Vienna.' Still young Masaryk drove ahead, learning new skill each week, and poring over books at every opportunity.

He might have stayed on as a smith, but for another of the strange accidents which have marked all his life. One autumn morning, as soon as the first work in the shop was finished, Tomas had gone out to carry water from the village well to the smithy. A wooden bucket-ful in either hand, he was staggering along when near

the shop he noticed a stranger in the village gazing intently at him. Tomas knew him at once: it was Mr. Ludvik, who had been his teacher in Hustopetz. From his surprised glance it was clear that Ludvik had not expected to see his pupil in such a place, and Tomas, suddenly conscious of his smutty face and grimy clothes, was too embarrassed to speak. The teacher said no word to Tomas either, but went straight to the Masaryk home. At dinner that noon, Tomas's mother remarked:

'Mr. Ludvik was here this morning.' The boy's eyes dropped at the thought of his confusion at meeting his former teacher. 'Yes,' went on his mother, 'he said we had no business to apprentice you to a smith, when you were to have become a teacher.'

'What does he think we are, princes?' Josef Masaryk put in, 'that we can support our son for years, while he waits to be old enough to enter the teacher's school?'

'That 's what I explained to him,' the mother said, 'and he offered Tomas a place as assistant to his father, who is now professor in Chaykovitz.'

The father sniffed and went on with his soup. Tomas, too, finished his meal in silence, but a new hope was in his heart. Teaching meant work with books and time to read for oneself. It meant the opportunity to use one's mind, to find out the why of things.

'Where a principle is at stake, compromise is morally impossible.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER V

TOMAS DEFENDS COPERNICUS

THE old man who was once a senior apprentice and helped in teaching Tomas Masaryk how to make horseshoes, tells how one morning, coming to the smithy, he found set up on a little wall-cabinet a notice for the employees in the shop. It was written in such well-formed letters that even Mr. Benes agreed that it would have been a shame to waste its author on the blacksmith's trade. 'Good-bye, comrades,' it read. 'I'm not going to work in the soot or burn my fingers another day.—Tomas.' His mother's pleading had won over his father's reluctance to put the boy again into school, and Tomas was installed as practice teacher in his familiar Chaykovitz. It was a position without a salary, of course. In return for his services the young man was to receive his board, such as it was, and the director of the school would teach him to play the piano. But Tomas was glad to be at his lessons again. He was specially glad to be in Chaykovitz: here were all the old companions, here was the old Jesuit library in the château, here was Father Franz Satora.

And again the kindly priest played a principal role in the young man's training. The routine of life in Chaykovitz brought them into frequent contact. After the housework of Madame, the director's wife, was done, and the small amount of actual teaching he had to do, Tomas could practise on the organ in the church or delve into his books. At all the funerals and other

special services he had to assist Father Satora. Often as he sang out the Latin responses, Father Franz would scold him for bad pronunciation. The boy wondered how he could be expected to pronounce properly words of whose meaning he had not the least idea, even if he did know pages of them by heart. Again he was reminded of those old Jesuit books with their Latin quotations, and the inscription on the splendid statue of the Virgin in the square in Hodonin, his birthplace, an image of the Madonna with four guardian saints on lower pedestals: 'Viribus Unitis Goedingensium Renovatum MDCCCVI.' He told Father Franz he wished he could learn Latin. 'We'll see what we can do,' the priest replied, and a few days later he put into the youngster's hands a dictionary in four languages, Hungarian, German, Slovak, and Latin. With his usual thoroughness, Tomas came back a few weeks later, having learnt by heart every word of the Latin vocabulary. Always afterwards he said his store of Latin words was better than his knowledge of the grammar. But the priest, touched by the boy's earnestness, offered to give him regular instruction in Latin, and soon Tomas was well on in the knowledge of his third language. Czech and German had been his almost from birth.

One day Father Franz watched Tomas as he happened to meet the school-director's wife on the doorstep, kiss the hand she condescendingly held out to him, and stand at attention while she passed into the house.

'Why do you do that?' he asked the boy. 'Do you think she is better than you because she 's a German, or because she is the school-director's wife?'

Tomas had never thought much about it. He had heard Father Franz sometimes grumble to himself about the 'German bosses', but he had thought it meant the gentry from Vienna, and never paid much heed to it. But of late, perhaps because the boy was developing, or perhaps because Father Franz was having more difficulties of his own, Tomas had sensed a new distinction in the priest's discontent. He realized suddenly that Father Franz felt about kissing the lady's hand, just the same sort of thing he had felt when the huntsmen had ordered him to take care of their coats: of course it was the same anger at imposed inequality, only Mme Director was so much a part of the whole village life that he had never noticed this.

'She is one soul before God, and you, another,' Father Franz told him; 'if she won't kiss your hand, there 's no reason why you should kiss hers.' At the first convenient opportunity, Tomas decided he would give up this senseless practice.

Father Franz helped him out again in a most awkward situation. It arose from his teaching. The children liked the young assistant, and he taught them as best he could, but their very liking got him into trouble: evidently they talked about him at home. One day a little group of mothers waited on Father Franz.

'It 's about that new teacher,' they told him, with grave faces. 'He 's been telling our children that

the world turns round, and the sun stands still. What kind of nonsense is that?'

It took some persuasion for the priest to convince the anxious mothers that probably their children's faith would not be undermined, but they went away, as he thought, convinced and quieted. One energetic busybody, however, did not stop her agitation there. She went to the senior priest of the town himself. Father Franz was after all only the 'Kaplan', the vicar of the parish, and the schools, under the Hapsburg system, were directly subject to the awful authority of the priest-in-charge of the village. It would have been interesting to listen in on that interview: the smooth, black-capped priest sitting back in his chair, eyes half-closed, and finger-tips playing against each other over his well-rounded stomach; the protesting mother standing respectfully by the door, laying down her charges.

'He 's corrupting our children's faith. He 's teaching unheard-of things. He says that the sun doesn't revolve round the earth: that we are moving and the sun is standing still. It 's witchcraft. It 's against the holy teaching of the Church—' then suddenly remembering in whose august presence she was, 'Perhaps your Excellency could do something about it?'

His Excellency did. He sent for the young scientific radical. Tomas explained what he had been teaching: he said he had learned this at Hustopetz and added that it looked right to him. Then, never moving from his comfortable position in the great arm-chair, but only

holding the fingers apart a little to emphasize his words, the priest delivered his judgement.

'You must not teach such a thing. In the first place it is contrary to the doctrine of the Church and of the Scriptures, and therefore it is not true. And in the second place, even if it were true, what difference would it make to people in a village like Chaykovitz?'

It was the young man's first conflict with church authority: not that he accepted unquestioningly everything he had been told before this; the books and the school in Hustopetz and, more than these, his own speculation about the why of things, had already done much to make him an independent thinker. But he bowed politely to His Excellency, and withdrew. Perhaps he would not teach the Copernican theory to the children any more, but his own opinion on it had not changed one mite.

But the incident did not end there. A few days later was market day in Chaykovitz and before noon Tomas heard that the peasants had been discussing him and his heresies, in the village square. A little after noon they sent a delegation to interview Tomas. The youngster was frightened, but made up his mind to stand his ground. Picture the scene: the small, stuffy schoolroom where Tomas was practising on the piano; the group of round-headed, wrinkled-faced peasants, sweating in their heavy black clothes, with the trousers tucked into their boot-tops—Czech farmers from the neighbourhood who loved the German Imperial régime represented by the senior priest no

better than his father did; the scent on their breaths of sloe-gin from the public-house where they had spent the morning was not strong enough to overcome the smell of the stables on their boots.

'Tell us what this is our women say you're teaching the children,' they requested.

They listened, solemn-eyed, while Tomas told them what he believed. Every one knows that the world is not flat, but a great ball, floating in space. And the stars and the sun and moon are, too. A man named Copernicus discovered it first, and soon found out by watching through a glass that the earth, together with some of the other stars, moves round the sun. And then he went on to explain the effect of this fact in the changing seasons, in day and night, and the phases of the moon. One or two of them asked a question: after all they were merely peasants and this youth, if only fourteen or fifteen, was already in a separate caste: he was a teacher. There followed a little conference among themselves, heads bent together in a corner of the room, while Tomas stood by the piano, waiting for the verdict. The peasants stumped towards him.

'That 's all right, what you're teaching,' the spokesman informed him. 'Just don't pay any attention to what our womenfolk gabble about. Go ahead as you have been,' and reaching down into his capacious pocket, he laid on the piano a four-groschen piece. 'For something good to eat,' he said and put on his hat. And as the rest of the solemn group moved out, each followed the example of the chairman and laid down

a coin. Never was a tip offered with better intention, nor accepted with less feeling of subservience. This was not a tip, it was a vindication.

How the intellectual battle thus lined up would have resulted, with the mothers and His Excellency on one side, and Father Franz, the farmers, and the confident young teacher on the other, no one knows. Perhaps it was a sense of the difficulty of the situation, or it may have been young Masaryk's rapid progress in Latin which led Father Satora to propose another change. He urged Tomas to go to the market town of Straznitz, where there was a 'gymnasium' or high school, and attempt the entrance examinations. Passing these might open the way into a high school at once, without waiting the two whole years for acceptance into the school for teachers. After careful tutoring by Father Franz, Tomas tried the examinations that spring and passed with grades permitting him to enter the second year of the 'gymnasium'. Again the chance suggestion of a friend had changed his whole life.

Almost without knowing it, Tomas was entering one of his life's decisive phases. He said, later, that all his life he had been prepared for each new step by his past experience. At this moment he had fifteen years of experience behind him; what had those years put into his preparation for the life now before him? Physically he was well developed: those months in the smithy had completed the muscular development any country boy grows up with, and the clean habits he had followed, even in the doubtful atmosphere of Vienna, had kept

him in excellent condition. But when he went, the next year, to the 'gymnasium' in Brno, he had more important equipment than the purely physical. He had learned to do his task thoroughly, whatever it might be. He had acquired the habit of careful study, whether it were a book or a life problem before him. He had a simple truthfulness, direct as daylight, which never left him all his life long. And he already knew what it meant to stand and battle for truth, no matter what it cost.

'In battles of the spirit, as in physical conflict, you may use every honourable means. . . . Only the weak or the second-rate take refuge in deceit.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER VI

TOMAS LEARNS TO FIGHT

LIFE in Brno was not so very easy for the fifteen-year-old boy from the country. Tomas's first experience in a real city brought many complications. In the first place, life was expensive. A cobbler in the New Street, who came from Chaykovitz, 'boarded' school-boys for two gold florins per month. That would be about eighty cents in American money (3*s*. 4*d*. in English money). For this sum Tomas had a bed and his morning 'coffee'. The best that could be said about this beverage was that it was brown in colour and usually warm. The other meal, if there was one, must be secured elsewhere. The first year his mother managed to send him an occasional loaf of bread and once in a while a few pennies more than the money needed to pay his board; Tomas was experienced enough to realize how she must have scraped to get it: goose feathers sold instead of being made into pillows, a few eggs turned into cash at the market, or a half-day's scrubbing for Father Franz or in the château. No one knows exactly, but it is probable that the kindly priest, already deeply interested in the boy, sent him from time to time, not only books, but an occasional gold piece, to help him make ends meet. To the boy it seemed that he was always hungry: the watery coffee in the morning was a fit prelude to the food of the whole day. Every penny had to be hoarded, and Tomas never dared use enough for any one meal to satisfy him.

Only when he went home at week-ends or mid-term holidays did he have enough to eat. And when he started on the eighteen mile walk back to Brno, his mother always gave him something to use as a food reserve during the next few days. Once this took the form of 'koblihy', a kind of fried cake with jam inside. Tomas had twenty of them, each as big as his fist, in a paper parcel under his arm. As he and his chum approached the outskirts of Brno they were halted by a customs official with stiff high-collared uniform and stern face. They had forgotten that all food products imported into the city were taxable.

'What have you there?' the official asked.

'Koblihy,' said Tomas truthfully.

'Here, let 's see,' the inspector demanded. 'That 's food and food is dutiable. You'll have to pay—let 's see—five groschen to take them in.'

'But I haven't a penny,' pleaded Tomas, again quite truthfully, for as usual he had received nothing at home.

'Can't help it,' said the customs man, 'you'll have to leave them here.'

For a moment the boy was at a loss. Then an idea struck him.

'Come on over here,' he motioned to his companion, and moving off to the side of the road sat down under a tree. The inspector watched interestedly, and saw them open the parcel and begin to eat. He laughed as he saw the two boys solemnly consume every one of the score of cakes, even consenting to help out with one himself, which they smilingly offered him. Full

stomachs might be imported into the city free of charge, and the koblihy were safe from confiscation.

But though life was hard in some ways, the school work itself was easy. Tomas found himself, a lad of fifteen, in classes where all the other boys were twelve or thirteen. It was not difficult for him to be first in his class and therefore other boys often asked his assistance. By the middle of his second year, Tomas was already earning money by giving lessons: the young son of a railroad employee needed help in mathematics and Tomas earned two gold florins a month and his dinner on Sundays. It was not much of a dinner: he could have eaten three such meals at a sitting, but it helped. And he tutored the daughter of a baker in the next street. The baker paid him no money, but after each lesson Tomas could have as much bread as he could eat. He used to plan the lessons so that they came at the end of the day, though he never remembered the time when he could not have eaten at least a quarter of a Viennese loaf!

During his third year Masaryk had as a pupil a Polish boy who came to Brno to study. He, too, could not pay for lessons, but offered to teach Tomas Polish in exchange for Czech. Masaryk would almost have taught him for nothing, so eager was he to have closer acquaintance with a representative of the nation so much talked about by every one. Ever since the luckless revolution of the Poles against their Russian tyrants, Moravia had buzzed with gossip about them. Almost every town had some officers held in custody by the

government after they had escaped from pursuit in their own country. The peasantry thrilled at tales of the bravery and the desperate struggles of these Polish patriots, and the boy was an ardent sympathizer. He read every word about Poland he could get his hands upon; a stray newspaper, or, later, some of the many cheap novels about the Polish revolution. Now he heard with eagerness the personal experiences of his fellow pupil and learned the new language so well that one day he astonished his Czech teacher by handing in a paper written in Polish. For almost the first time in his life he acquired a hint of national consciousness. The Polish language was much like Czech, he discovered, and the Polish boy told him it was because both Poles and Czechs were Slavic peoples.

'You and I are really Slav cousins,' he explained.

'But I'm a Slovak,' Tomas disputed.

'That makes no difference, the Slovaks are our Slav cousins too. Only the Austrians and Hungarians aren't.' And Tomas began to sense the meaning of the antagonism in Father Franz's manner, when he spoke about the Austrians as German aliens.

Tomas's sympathy with the Danes was no less than that he had for the Poles. A year before had seen the Schleswig war, when two powerful states, Germany and Austria, had assaulted the weak little kingdom of Denmark. And how proud Tomas had been of the courage of the little country, holding out for its rights against such odds, and how he had hated anew the Hapsburg Empire, guilty of so much injustice! Wars were com-

mon things in those years. Scarcely a year passed without new recruiting, or the marching of heavy-booted soldiers through the town. One year at Brno, school life was stopped altogether by the wars, and the whole country was filled with troops and lumbering commissariat trains.

The next year in Brno, as were all the later years there, was made easier for Masaryk by a new position as tutor in a private family. The Police Director of Brno, probably the most important personality in the town, asked the school to recommend some boy as comrade and helper for his own son. As first in his class, Tomas was recommended by his mathematics professor. Thus he became acquainted with Franz Le Monnier. The boy had been born lame, and Tomas's task was not only to help him with his lessons, but to accompany him to and from school. For this service Tomas received all his meals, taking them with the Le Monnier family, and what with his other lessons, was soon earning enough to enable his brother to come to Brno to study also. What good times the boys had in the cobbler's house, where six of them lived together! Once the next day's lessons were prepared, they would spend the evenings singing Czech songs, or going out, in spring, for long tramps in the hills to the north of Brno.

It was during this year that young Tomas had the first of a series of difficulties with his teachers. He was already beginning to feel himself a Czech, as distinct from the German elements in the 'gymnasium'. Brno

itself, half German, half Czech, was well suited to draw his attention to the difficulties between the two nationalities. The papers often contained bitter articles from one side or the other, and Tomas was now an avid reader. It was easy to see how, in general, the Germans had the upper hand. They were loyal to the Imperial government, and thus obtained most of the good positions available. Many of them made no secret of the fact that they considered the Czechs an inferior people and their language fit only for servants. Nevertheless Tomas and all his friends from east Moravia studied Czech, although it was not a required subject in the German 'gymnasium'.

Perhaps the personality of the Czech teacher attracted them as much as their patriotic interest in his subject. He was a tall, pale man with straggling white hair, and a long white moustache. To supplement his income as a teacher, he manufactured dyes, and evidently wiped his fingers, soiled from his shop-work, on his hair and beard, for he would come to class streaked with all the colours of the rainbow: red and purple hair, and green spots on his moustache. Even his name was funny; it was Kitten. The boys were unkind enough to take advantage of this teacher's good nature, and his classes were often very disorderly. At such times the old man would abandon every attempt to restore silence in the classroom; all he begged of them was to be quiet enough so that the noise would not be heard in the Director's office. As a last resort, he would offer to tell them 'an anecdote' if only they would be silent. The poor fellow

knew only one, and the boys had heard it a hundred times, but they would sit 'as still as stumps' while he told it as slowly as he could, drawing out every word to keep them quiet as long as possible, and then rewarded him with such a shout of laughter at his point, that he would seize his hair and beg them to be quieter.

The Greek and Latin teacher (and these were required subjects) was a thorough German: so much so that he taught the boys to pronounce Greek as though it were German. Tomas did not like this, and suddenly one day he began to read his Latin with a Czech accent. The professor was furious, but Masaryk stood his ground:

'You, as a German, Herr Professor,' he said, 'pronounce your Greek in German style. I am a Czech and I pronounce Latin with a Czech accent.' The next thing Tomas knew, he was reported to the Superintendant who heard his story and ordered that he should receive five, the lowest grade, in conduct.

That was an eventful year in Central Europe. All the papers were full of rumours of another war. There was much talk of Bismarck and his recent agreement with the French Emperor. Some people thought that Prussia would try to attack Austria, single-handed. There were daily new tales of recruits being called up and arms given out. In the 'gymnasium' in Brno the boys talked of little else. Some of them, Tomas among the group, planned to volunteer against the Prussians. One older boy did volunteer, and was immediately carried off to some training camp, but before the rest

could decide there was a mobilization, a declaration of war, and the schools were closed and the pupils all sent home. The weeks that followed were all excitement. Every day new detachments of troops moved through Chaytz, northwards: Austrian dragoons, trained to fight either on foot or on horseback; wild-looking, swarthy Hungarian riders, black hair in braids over their ears, and sabres jingling against their saddles; or weary, dragging infantry with cumbersome packs on their backs, sweating along the dusty roads. Once a division of artillery came through, with fine horses pulling cannon, and stern-looking officers riding on the ammunition wagons. The papers told of gathering Prussian forces, and of the reputed skill of their commander, von Moltke. Riders came through from the north, bound for Vienna, and it was rumoured that a great battle would shortly take place in northern Bohemia.

Then one July day the first courier came dashing down through Chaytz, horse all foam, and while he stopped to get a drink he told the terrified villagers of the 'greatest and most terrible battle in the world' at Königgrätz, with over 200,000 troops on either side, and how the Austrians had given way and were now in full retreat. Although few people knew it then, Tomas had lived through one of the decisive battles of European history. To find it on to-day's map, one must look for Hradec Kralove, in northern Czechoslovakia. The utmost panic reigned. Peasants buried their little treasures. The best of the live stock was driven off to

pastures most distant from the roads. People said that the Prussians were seizing all the boys and young men and making soldiers of them.

This news disquieted Tomas. He walked over to the neighbouring village of Terezova to talk things over with Frank, another boy from the school in Brno. Tomas thought they had better both volunteer for the Austrian army, and be safe from the invading Germans. But Frank said the safest thing to do would be to run away, perhaps with the army as the troops passed through. 'There 's so much confusion,' Frank said, 'that no one will notice us.' Soon the first signs of the retreat appeared. Fine carriages with staff officers sitting crouched in their seats; then wagons with the wounded, a sorry sight indeed, with groaning men and clouds of flies. These first passengers were speedily followed by others: half-exhausted regiments of infantry, hardly able to keep their feet, and lumbering vans of military supplies, to be saved from the Prussians.

The officer in charge of one such caravan pushing through Chaytz called to Tomas in the street and asked the way to Hodonin. Tomas knew that part of the country as well as his school-room, and offered to show the way. Frank went with him, and they walked along in the dust ahead of the wagons, quite proud to be seen with an officer. He was quite an oldish man, perhaps forty, with kindly eyes, a very well-fitting uniform, and a beautiful sabre, and he rode his horse easily.

'We want to be soldiers too,' Tomas informed him as

they walked alongside. 'Couldn't you enlist us?' He was surprised to find the officer reluctant:

'There 's no need for you to enlist now,' he said. 'You're pretty young, and you look thin. Anyway there 's no doctor here to examine you. And after all, the war 's over, for now, or I'm mistaken—' The officer kept looking back along the road, and urging the teamsters to hurry their tired horses.

Hodonin was reached, and just before they came to the church square, a house on the right of the street burst into flames. People screamed that the Prussians had arrived, that their spies were everywhere. The officer looked worried and asked the way to Holitch. Again Tomas and Frank offered to go with him, and on they pressed, now fully convinced that the Prussians were not far behind.

They reached Holitch, passed through, with the village cemetery on a little hill to the left, when there was a scurry of hoofs, a cloud of dust in the street, and the Prussians were upon them. 'Run!' the officer shouted to Tomas and Frank, and they scurried off, their hearts in their mouths, dodged up the cemetery hill, and over the wall. Two other boys were just ahead of them. A newly dug grave lay open, the mound of fresh earth beside it, and Frank and one of the others dropped panting into it and lay down, face to the ground. The other two boys, safe behind the wall, peeped over the top to see what was going on in the road.

The infantry guard had formed behind the wagons,

and the few riders went ahead of them to meet the enemy. These were Uhlans, well mounted, with glinting swords, and quick-moving horses. The infantry fired a volley, and then took to their heels.

'They are 'Talians,' announced the Slovak boy to Tomas, 'but see those horsemen slash!' They could see the flash of sabres and hear the hoarse cries of the fighters and the clash of blades. One figure detached itself from the cloud of dust about the skirmish, and as he rode near them Tomas recognized the officer with whom he had been marching all day. His face had been slashed by a sabre from brow to the point of his jaw, and he swayed in the saddle as he came towards them. Tomas shouted that the gate was on the other side, and he and the Slovak boy ran round to help the wounded man in.

'Get something to wrap him in,' the Slovak yelled to Tomas; 'a bed-sheet from that house.'

Tomas ran down to a little peasant hut at the edge of the cemetery. Glancing back, he could see that the Slovak and the other boys from the grave were leading the officer's horse and helping him along towards the same place. The hut was deserted. Tomas seized a sheet from the bed, rushed to the well, fastened the great square of coarse linen somehow to the hook on the bucket chain, and dropped it into the water. Soaked through, it was a frightful weight to lift out again. Once or twice it slipped, and Tomas came near following it. He vaguely felt a pain above his knee, but there was the officer, face streaming with blood, and all his uniform

a mass of red. Together with the other boys, Masaryk tore the sheet into strips, bandaging the horrid wound as well as they could, and only as they tried to lift the officer into a military cart which came along, did Tomas notice that his own trouser-leg was wet with blood, streaming from a deep flesh-wound above his knee. He must have torn it on a nail as he struggled with the wet sheet at the well. He tried to walk, but the knee gave way, and he nearly fell into the arms of an Austrian sergeant.

'We'll take this one, too,' the man said, and a little later Tomas was lying in a straw-filled cart, a rough bandage on his leg from the piece of linen he had prepared for the officer, moving down a side road towards Pressburg where the field hospital was. After proper bandaging here, he was released and got back to Kopchan, his father's birthplace, half-way towards Chaytz. Here he met Frank again, and heard that his officer friend had been taken prisoner by the Prussians.

Before autumn the injured knee was healed, the Peace of Prague had ended the war, and Tomas could enter the reopened 'gymnasium' in Brno. The next years were to be stirring ones. In the first place he began to feel even more sharply the differences between the Germans who seemed to be the ruling class, and Czechs who never had anything to do with government, church, or school. The Czech teacher was a fine man, widely known as a historian, and the boys in his classes formed themselves into a Czech club, of which Tomas became the natural leader. Besides reading Czech books, the club learned to sing all the Czech folk-songs they

could find. Boys who knew them wrote out the words for the others. It may be that some of his difficulties with the German management of the school that year arose out of his new consciousness of his responsibility as leader of a separate and smaller group.

This was surely not the case with the first collision. In a government-supported school under the Hapsburgs religion was an official matter. Boys were required not only to attend church services, but to go to confession and communion. For two years past Tomas had been disturbed by the attitude of most of the boys towards this side of life. They made jokes among themselves about who could tell the most fantastic story to his confessor. Clearly, what the church and the priest took to be a very solemn thing was to these boys only a joke. Like many boys of sixteen, Tomas was not without his doubts about certain phases of religion as he had heard it in school, and some convictions had been crystallizing in his mind. One day he went to the school priest, a man of fine character and one he trusted.

'I have come to tell you, Father, that I cannot go to confession any more.'

Father Prochaska knew Tomas well. He had often taken the boy with him on walks through the country, or to meetings of the newly formed Christian Socialist Society. At first he thought Tomas's attitude meant simply a passing fancy. Further conversation soon showed him it was something far deeper. Out of his rich experience he knew that no pressure of discipline would help here, and that a boy with Tomas's logical

mind must be helped to find his own conclusions. His careful inquiry failed to discover anything wrong with Tomas's personal habits: he seemed to have no associates who were influencing him in the wrong way; he was a studious, clear-thinking young man. The good priest tried to reason with his young friend, sometimes so earnestly as to bring tears to his own eyes, but Tomas was firm. He simply said that he did not think it necessary to go to confession, that to do so against his convictions would be dishonesty, and that therefore he would not go.

The matter might have stopped here, so far as the priest and Tomas were concerned, but there was the matter of school discipline. The school superintendent asked Tomas to come to his office. Tomas told him his simple story.

'But that makes no difference,' the superintendent said. 'Do you suppose every one who goes to confession believes in it? Do you suppose I do? As an official, I fulfil the regulations; as a pupil, you must do so. When you get out of school, do what suits you.'

Here Tomas laid the foundation of his lifelong reputation for telling the truth as he saw it, no matter where it might strike. 'Sir,' he said, standing straight before the superintendent's desk, 'I think that one who acts contrary to his convictions is a good-for-nothing.' Just what the superintendent said next, no one knows, but later experiences seemed to indicate a certain dislike for Tomas which the superintendent could not always conceal.

A new conflict was not long in coming. One day in this teacher's class the sun, breaking through a cloud, fell directly into Masaryk's face. He squinted in the sudden light, and just then the teacher looked in his direction. His eyes flashed:

'What are you laughing at, Masaryk?' he demanded.

'I wasn't laughing,' replied Tomas.

'You were,' thundered the teacher; 'don't lie to me, I saw you!'

Now an unheard-of thing happened. A pupil rose in his place and delivered a rebuke to a teacher, and to the superintendent of the school at that. 'I was not laughing, Sir,' Tomas asserted evenly; 'the sun in my eyes made me squint. And I think,' he went on, 'that it is unjust of a grown man to accuse a boy of lying on the basis of mistaken evidence: in logic this would be called a false conclusion.' The teacher was beside himself with rage. It is probable that young Masaryk's career in the Brno gymnasium would have ended there, but for the intervention of Mme Le Monnier. He was like a member of the family in this home, and the superintendent had to yield to requests for leniency to Tomas when they came from such high authority. It would not be long, however, until even the influence of the Le Monnier family could not save young Masaryk.

One Saturday at the close of the work in school, Tomas started off with a group of the boys from around Hodonin, walking home for Sunday. It was a sunlit autumn day, with leaves just beginning to turn, and a tang in the air which sent their spirits up and their

blood racing, and they began to sing folk-songs, louder and more boisterous as they went along. The jollity continued as they stopped at a little inn for rest and a drink. They sang soldier ballads—the old favourite about the barracks at Pressburg and the girl in the little house next door, and others. The inn seemed very quiet; there were no other guests. Even the innkeeper's wife, still young and pretty, though they knew he was an old man, was reserved and distant, not replying to their jokes and crude familiarities. At last the oldest in the group, a tall youth of nineteen with a handsome black moustache, went so far as to put his arm round her waist. With a quick movement she loosed herself and threw open the door of the living-room adjoining. On a pallet in the middle of the little room lay her husband dead, with candles burning at head and feet.

It may have been some such romantic incident as this which started young Tomas in literature. At any rate it was during this year that he began his first novel. It was to be based upon his own life experience. He was now earning his own and his brother's tuition, he had had conflicts with his teachers; he felt sure that he had material enough. He completed six chapters, and one day when the boys went out to the river for a swim he took the precious pages with him. Awkwardly he told the other boys that he had been writing a novel.

'Let me read it to you before you get into the water,' he demanded. With none too good grace, the group, half-clothed, gathered round him, and he began to

read. One chapter followed another, high-sounding, romantic phrases. The boys stirred restlessly, with many glances at the inviting river, but Tomas held them until he reached the end of his manuscript. There was a momentary, awkward silence when he stopped, then one of the more outspoken stood up.

'Tom, that 's the stupidest thing I've ever listened to,' he said, and dived into the water.

That night there was a small bonfire in the fireplace in Tomas's room—the end of his first novel.

One night not long after this, when he was at home in Chaykovitz, Tomas had another experience which might have been included in a novel. He had been in a neighbouring village to help Father Satora with a funeral. It was already dark as he started home alone, in his hands some church vestments and a lighted candle left over from the service, to help him keep to the path. All at once, under a heavy row of trees, Tomas thought he saw some one step to the side of the road. Surely there was some dark form just ahead there at the left. The skin at the back of his neck prickled with fear, but he moved steadily ahead. The next minute he never remembered very clearly. With a sort of growl, a man leaped out of the darkness at his throat. Tomas struck out with one hand, and then as the marauder lunged in again, he thrust the lighted candle into his face. There was a gasp of pain from his assailant, a sharp pain in his own side, and Tomas was flying like an arrow away from the place. Under the lamp at home he discovered that the dagger had pierced

coat and shirt, and left a long scratch in his side, but not deep enough to be dangerous. Who the mysterious villain was he never discovered. He always thought the man had been lying in wait for some one else, and attacked him by mistake.

Whether he wrote them or not, the young Masaryk at this period was reading novels by the score. He read not only novels, but everything he could get his hands on. He no longer tried to be first in his classes: if he could be near the top, and have time for other things, that would be better, he decided. He read the anti-church books he heard the priests denouncing; he read history and philosophy, sometimes going to the university to hear lectures, occasionally even when he should have been in school. From Father Prochaska he learned of the movement called socialism, and he used to go with the cobbler, Kment, to meetings of this organization. From his own and his father's experience, he knew how true was much of the talk he heard about the exploitation of the working-man and the social injustice of those difficult times. He found time, too, to study languages. He continued Polish, and began to make good progress in French. So the days went by, in the busy life of a 'gymnasist' who needed many other interests besides his school, even including the enmity of the superintendent, to keep him fully occupied.

This hostility found at last a chance to vent itself. One day near the end of the spring term, the superintendent called Tomas up and suddenly asked him about his 'love affair'. This was opening a page of his life which

Thomas had kept to himself as the most sacred of his experiences. Two years before, he had met her first at his boarding-house, the demure, quiet girl who, it transpired, was a sister of his landlady. It had been a case of love at first sight, the deep, pure love which only youth knows. Tomas was nineteen now, the oldest in his class; he was already earning his own living and he thought that soon he might be able to support a wife. He talked it over with Antonia, and together they made their plans for the future. They reckoned without the girl's parents, however. When first it was hinted to them that this youth in the fifth class of the gymnasium was courting Antonia, they forbade her to see him again. But true love laughs at locksmiths, and for more than a year there had been secret meetings, walks through the busy streets of Brno, or in the park behind the new theatre. Of course his school-comrades knew of it, and at last the matter came to the superintendent's ears. Here was a new hold he could get on that independent and troublesome young man!

'They tell me you've been running with some cheap girl!' the superintendent sneered. 'We can't have young men from our school going about in loose company.'

'What do you mean?' asked Tomas, really not comprehending it at first. A clear conscience is slow to see evil in others, and still slower to appreciate evil implication of itself.

'Why, that sister of your landlady,' the superintendent went on, with an ugly smile on his face. 'Some people have ——'

What he meant to say was never finished. As the intelligence flashed through his mind that the older man was so desecrating the dearest thing in his heart, all Tomas's soul flamed out in anger. With a bound he had the large iron stove poker in his hand, and was brandishing it in the superintendent's face, half shouting, half crying that no one, not even a schoolmaster, should so insult him or defame the girl. The superintendent called for help to restrain the wild young man from doing serious damage, but it was his last conflict in Brno. A few days later he received notice that he would not be admitted to the gymnasium in the coming year.

'The world demands truth and honesty: therefore let every one be first of all honest with himself.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER VII

THE STUDENT TURNS PHILOSOPHER

WITH three more years to finish his preparation for the university, young Masaryk naturally cast about for the best place to study. In those days, as for a generation after, Brno was called a suburb of Vienna, and Tomas's choice would probably have fallen upon that city even without the influence of another weighty circumstance. Just at this time, however, Mr. Le Monnier, his friend and protector in Brno, was transferred to Vienna, to become Director of Police there, and the beginning of the next school year saw Tomas entered, again through Le Monnier 'influence', in the same grade as that he would have had, had he remained in Brno. Here in Vienna, too, as in Brno, Tomas found many interests besides his school. He sought out the most active Czech society in Vienna, an organization of university students. As a pupil in the gymnasium he had no right to membership, but he became so interested in these meetings that he agreed with the suggestion of one of the committee to enroll as a 'student of Philosophy'. The popular name for the last two years of the gymnasium where Masaryk was studying was 'the Philosophical years', and his adviser was sure no one would know the difference. But a lie has short legs, and in the midst of the most interesting part of the year's programme, some one discovered the fraud, and the doors were closed to the young upstart. Within three

years, however, he was not only a member in good standing, but the president of the whole organization.

The summer months before his last year in the gymnasium young Masaryk spent as tutor in a Hungarian village. The mother of the family where he lived was German, the father Hungarian, and in everyday life the young student found opportunity to study the relationship between Hungarians and Germans on the one hand, and Hungarians and Slovaks on the other. He began to learn Hungarian and was surprised to discover many Slavic words in the new language. He began to develop a 'scientific' theory about the distribution of the Slavic peoples, Slovak, Serb, Russian, Croatian, studying his ever-favourite geographies. It happened that one of the best known historians of those days was staying in the village, also. Tomas met him quite by accident. One morning, as he sat under a linden tree in the park, poring over his maps, a pleasant-faced, oldish man sat down beside him. After the exchange of a few remarks, Tomas saw that his new acquaintance was thoroughly at home with historical geography, and began to state his own theories about the Slavs. The older man disputed with Tomas from the start: disputed in a tone which, while it accepted the young man as an intellectual equal, still assumed such authority that Tomas was almost angered. As they parted, however, they shook hands and gave their names. 'I am Professor Sichel', the stranger said, and Tomas understood why he had spoken as one having

authority. He had been matching wits with the leading history professor of the Empire.

His love of geography was perhaps the basis for a new plan which formed in Tomas's mind during his last year in the gymnasium. Ever since boyhood he had travelled: wide journeys over strange oceans and amid distant races. Of course these voyages had all been made in his imagination, as he browsed through the pages of his atlas. Now he heard of a chance to realize his dream. He would become a diplomat. In Vienna was the famous Oriental Academy, where young men prepared themselves for the foreign service of the government. Tomas began to study for the entrance examination there, besides his regular school work. To this day he remembers the swarthy Arab, with his funny vocabulary in German, who taught the course, and how painfully he wrote long pages of Arabic exercises, goose-quill pen bent eagerly over the strange-looking characters. And then as he began to know more about the Academy, he found that places in it were reserved for young men of the nobility; how could a Slovak teamster's son aspire to such a height? Reluctantly, he abandoned his plan and turned to other interests. Who could have dreamed, then, that one day this youth would be the ruler of a country, himself appointing ambassadors to all the capitals of the world?

But his love for geography stood him in good stead. In the final examinations of the gymnasium he wrote an exposition of the social and religious statistics of Hungary. As he read the paper, his teacher realized

that young Masaryk knew more of the subject than he did himself. His brilliance in Geography, Mathematics, and languages made his low grades in some of the other subjects all the more surprising, but, as he himself said in later years, knowledge without interest is dead. At all events he graduated with credit, and the next year could enter the university.

When Masaryk began his university work in Vienna in 1872, he still had no definite plan of what he would like to be. He had cast aside his wish to become a 'diplomat' and now began to study the things which interested him most, instead of such dull subjects as Arabic, necessary for a particular profession. His life-long desire to know the 'why' of things led him naturally into philosophy. He even thought of making it his speciality, and went to the most prominent professor of philosophy in Vienna for advice how best to study it. Professor Zimmerman advised the young man to read the whole history of philosophy first, and then see which of the world's philosophers most attracted his sympathy. This the young student set about to do, and we find his first year in the university given over chiefly to philosophy. But most of the great thinkers he heard about had written in ancient languages, Greek and Latin especially, and Masaryk felt it necessary to be able to read them in the original, so he soon was deep in language study again, specializing in Latin and Greek.

This pursuit was not all pleasure. One teacher spent a whole year in such detailed study of the Latin author Catullus that Masaryk was disgusted; what difference

did it make to him how many manuscripts of this old Roman existed, how many letters of how many words were different in manuscript number one from manuscript number three? Still, it was part of his training in the languages he needed, and he took it. But there were other 'whys' to which the student must have answers. He wished to know more of the physical life about him, including his own body, its growth, use, and care. He enrolled for physiology and anatomy. In our own times, when every boy studies these things in grammar school, it is difficult to realize how little the young people of those days knew about physiology and hygiene, and what an original idea it was for one who was not preparing for medicine as a profession to wish to study such things.

As the semesters passed, Masaryk began to find his interest centring even more clearly on philosophy. He made a special study of Plato. His physiology evolved into psychology. Still he was not certain that he wished to become a professor. He felt himself unready to teach others: he wished he could simply go on learning for himself. It was already clear that he would not be a public school teacher, as his mother and Father Franz had planned, although they would have certainly agreed to his later professorial career, if they had dared to hope for anything so high. He considered sometimes the advantages of going to America to study. He would earn his living baking Czech cakes and bread (perhaps 'koblihy' too!), and have free time enough for studying philosophy.

In Vienna he earned his living by other means than

baking. Through Czech friends he obtained a position as private tutor in the family of a Viennese banker, Schlesinger. He helped the two boys, Max and Alfred. The latter became not only an excellent pupil but one of his lifelong friends. Masaryk received what for those times was a very large salary: besides board and room in the Schlesinger home he had $40 (£8) a month, which made it possible for him to support his younger brother, Ludwig, in his university studies. One other gain Tomas had from this intimate contact with one of the richest families in Vienna. He knew the life of the very poor; he had lived it himself. Now he could study the life of the very wealthy, and see how money did not inevitably bring happiness; how rich people had their own troubles, their own cares, their terrible isolation from the rest of society.

The life of a student in the University of Vienna was almost what he wished to make it. For Masaryk there was no iron discipline, no strict control of his time, as had been the case all through his previous study, even when he was a blacksmith's apprentice. Like every other young student, Tomas faced the problem of how to use his time. The solution would very largely determine his future character and career. Masaryk used his leisure first of all for reading. Never before had he had such free access to libraries. These years in Vienna gave opportunity for that extensive knowledge of literature which served him so well later, when the liberation of his own country depended upon how well he could judge the temperaments and prospects of his

European neighbours. Here, in Vienna, Masaryk read all the world's great poets, and he buried himself in romance as portrayed in the novels of France and Germany: Balzac, Dumas, Hugo, Goethe, and Lessing. He found new interest for his philosophical turn of mind in French and German and, later, English philosophers. Rousseau and Marx provoked him to deep thought about the social inequalities of his time. Just as, all through his boyhood, he had been a voracious bookworm, so here in Vienna he used much of his spare time to gain acquaintance with the world's best literature.

Not content with the languages he already knew, Masaryk grasped eagerly at an opportunity which came to tutor the son of a wealthy Russian family living in Vienna. Every patriotic Czech was interested in Russia, the great Slavic nation to the east. There were many who hoped that some day the Tsar would send his armies, no longer siding with the Hapsburgs, as had been the case with Hungary and Poland, but against them, and then Czechs, and perhaps Slovaks, would come to a kind of freedom under the shadow of the Russian eagle. It was not long before Masaryk had so far perfected his Russian that he could teach in that tongue. And he used this new accomplishment to begin a lifelong study of Russian literature. He read Dostoievsky, Gogol, Goncharov. So deeply had he plunged into the newly opened Russian world that a Czech editor, to whom he submitted one of his first articles, decided not to print it, since it contained too many Russian expressions.

Another new experience for Masaryk in Vienna was learning to swim. Of course, like other village boys, he knew how to 'dog-paddle', but here for the first time in his life he came into touch with organized athletics and physical education in general. Quick to take advantage of each new opportunity, he joined a class in the gymnastic society, and began to establish habits of exercise which are still part of his daily life. Most of the games which play so large a part in our modern athletics were unknown in the Vienna of Masaryk's student days, but he learned boxing and wrestling. It seemed to his philosophical turn of mind that such sports were a finer and more useful form of the primitive fighting instincts which he had seen in the youths of his village. And among other forms of exercise he had his first lessons in water-sports. There was no such thing in those days as specialized instruction in life-saving, but he learned to swim so well that a few years later, in one afternoon, this accomplishment saved a life and won him a life-partner.

Reading, study, and athletics were all good in their places, but the active young Masaryk found one other interest even more absorbing. This was the Czech Academic Society, the organization whose meetings he had so eagerly attended as a pre-university student; where he had once been mistakenly accepted and then had been forced out of the membership because he was not a student in the university. As soon as he was formally registered in the university, Masaryk joined this society, where he spent much time reading and

discussing Czech literature, debating political questions. This club was rapidly becoming the centre for all Czech and Slovak students who felt the oppression of the Austrian government and culture, and wished to organize to protect their own interests. Here Masaryk began to feel himself called to the great conflict which formed the purpose of most of his life and the battle whose victory made possible the freedom of his people. He gave more and more time and even money to help the organization. So deeply did he feel the necessity of battle for the Czech nation against the Hapsburgs that he gave himself a new name: from this time on he signed himself not simply Tomas Masaryk, but Tomas Vlastimil Masaryk. 'Vlastimil' means one who loves his country.

No one was much surprised when, less than two years after he became a member, Tomas Masaryk was elected President of the Czech Academic Society. The election began a new era in the life of the club and in that of the young man himself. The whole organization took on new activity. Masaryk arranged separate groups for different kinds of interests; there was a Slovak chorus, where he would join thunderously in singing all the Slovak songs he knew and eagerly learn the new ones. There was a philosophical debating society. Lectures on current topics were organized for their members. A mutual aid fund was also set up, which helped many a comrade in times of sickness or want. And an extra room was rented for those who needed a quiet place to study.

Even here Masaryk's interest was not confined to students in the university. He discovered that in the

great city of Vienna there were thousands of Czech and Slovak workers, mere machines in the hands of their employers. He remembered all too vividly his own thirst for books and something beyond mere physical recreation, when he himself had been such a workman in this very city, and one of the new president's first proposals to the members of the Czech Society was to organize lectures and other similar educational work for their fellow countrymen working in the city. This activity gave the initiative for organized connexions which had never existed before between all classes of Slav people in Vienna, whether they were workmen or students, tradesmen or professors. As leader of this whole movement, Masaryk was getting training for the greatest battle of his life, and making friends who in later years were glad to help him in it.

Somewhat of these friendships we may learn by an incident from Masaryk's last year in the university. It was in June 1876. Four glorious years of comradeship were about to close, and one day a group of Masaryk's friends received the following note:

'On Sunday, July 9th, be sure to come to Vsetechka's in Dornbach if it doesn't rain. If it is raining, then we shall meet in the Johannes street in my room (any time after seven). We shall talk about the club I suggested, for reunion some years after graduation. The following men are interested: Weigner, Vsetechka, Hajek, Herbert, Darnjach, my brother, my pupil, and myself. No excuse will be accepted for absence!'

With one exception all the students named came together at the appointed place. (It did not rain, so they

went outside the city.) Here Masaryk spoke of his plan for the new club. Its chief purpose was to encourage its members to do good in the years just after the university, specially in service to their own nation, and thus to humanity in general, and then to plan a reunion, when each could share his experience with the others. The others assented, and most of them signed the agreement Masaryk took from his pocket and presented:

'I promise to come on September 1, 1890, at twelve noon, to a place in the University of Vienna to be decided upon later. Here I wish to give account to my comrades of how my life in the meantime has been used to realize the mottoes: "Knowledge is Power" and "Through Truth to our Rights". Death or illness will excuse me from attendance.'

Could any volume speak more clearly of the type of man young Masaryk had grown into during these years in the university? Others might have thought of this separation with a vague desire to see the whole group once more together at some later time; others might have been conscious of the seriousness of their entrance into life outside the university world. But not many would have felt so strongly the great responsibilities laid upon them by their education, and few indeed would have stated them so clearly or urged these high principles upon their comrades. Whether or not the meeting was ever held is a small matter. Those who know him best are certain that the man who was the youthful organizer of that meeting has never departed from his mottoes in the more than half-century he has lived since then.

There were other friendships in Vienna. All his life hrough Masaryk has been most cautious in the choice

of his friends, but once chosen they have always so remained. There was Professor Brentano, philosopher and reformer and daring preacher. He had been a priest in the Catholic Church, but because he could not accept the decisions of the Vatican Council had resigned his priesthood. This courageous act brought him to Masaryk's notice and a close friendship grew up. From Brentano, Masaryk learned the importance of methodical work instead of the haphazard study many of the students used. He shared in many a philosophical or political debate in the Brentano home, and came to appreciate Brentano's fearless criticism and his mind open to all truth, no matter whether or not it agreed with his own opinions. Then there was Alfred Schlesinger, who used to go home to spend summer vacations with Masaryk in Klobouk, near Chaykovitz, and who later went with him to study in Leipzig. There was Herbert, of whom later Masaryk said that friendship was as strong as the love of a man for his wife, whose companionship meant so much to him in the short four years of the university that, years later, he named his own first son Herbert.

During this last year Masaryk decided to study further and prepare for a professorship in the university. He spent great care on the preparation of the final essay, the so-called Doctor's Thesis, and then set himself for the ordeal of the two final examinations. These were oral, lasting two hours each, and were given jointly by three of the leading professors of the university. The examinations were passed with credit, and Masaryk

received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In the musty archives of the University of Vienna there is kept the 'petition' or letter in which Tomas Masaryk announced his readiness to take the final examinations. It was then the custom for each graduating student to state his purpose in life and the principles in which he believed. Masaryk summarized the whole thing in one phrase, which is worth remembering for its appropriateness to his life in later years: 'Nothing is great if it is not true.'

Here is our young Doctor of Philosophy, then, about to leave the university for his life-work—a youth of few, but deep and enduring friendships; a young man whose life had been so busy earning his own living and helping others, his brother or his fellow countrymen, that he had had little time for the frivolous pleasures most students of his age associated with life in Vienna. A few such incidents like that with the wife of the dead innkeeper may have damped whatever interest he might otherwise have had for such idle thought, but the fact remains that by his professors and his friends he was recognized as a young man of singularly pure habits and earnest purpose, eagerly taking advantage of every new opportunity to increase his knowledge, burning with desire to help his Czech and Slovak fellow countrymen towards regaining the freedom which had once been theirs, and showing great capability in organizing these compatriots to help themselves. Already his power of leadership was clearly evident.

'I never wasted much time deciding what I would be, or how; but from boyhood I have held the principle that the man who truly wishes to work will always know how and where and when.'

MASARYK.

CHAPTER VIII

MASARYK FINDS HIS LIFE-PARTNER

ALTHOUGH he has never had a large number of close friendships, Masaryk's whole life might well be viewed as a succession of changes due directly to the influence of his friends. The first step he made after receiving his doctor's degree in Vienna was an example of this. By this time Masaryk had decided to prepare himself for a university professorship, and one of the most necessary undertakings in such preparation was study in a foreign university. For a young man in Masaryk's economic situation there was only one hope. He himself had no money with which to travel. But as a graduate of the Imperial university he might petition the Minister of Education for a year's scholarship abroad. For one so well known as leader of a Czech student club that was almost revolutionary to expect any favours from the Hapsburg government was perhaps misplaced optimism. When Masaryk discussed it with his friend and pupil Alfred Schlesinger, Alfred was openly sceptical. Nevertheless he could try it, and so his petition was presented. A month or two later the answer came—a few lines on the long, heavy paper used for official documents, dated and numbered and signed 'For the Minister' by some underling in the department: 'Your petition for a scholarship for study abroad,' it read, 'has been declined.' This was all, but it served to put an end to Masaryk's hopes.

But here friendship stepped into the game. Or was

it chance, or was it destiny? Thanks to Masaryk's careful work as tutor, Alfred Schlesinger finished his eight years in the 'gymnasium' at the head of his class, and his father, enthusiastically grateful to Masaryk, sent him as Alfred's companion on a brief tour in Italy. And the next autumn, perhaps in response to Alfred's suggestion, Masaryk was asked to accompany his young friend when he went to study in the University of Leipzig.

For Masaryk, the tour through Italy was the fulfilment of dreams he had so often cherished: dreams of seeing with his own eyes the streets where the heroes of his Latin reading had walked, the Forum where those noble orations had first been heard. The two young men stumbled about in the strange language, with much merriment at their own difficulties. They visited Rome, its half-excavated Forum, and the Coliseum where many of the heroes of Tomas's church story-books had met the lions, the grand vistas from the hills and the dome of St. Peter's seeming to float over every view. For years past, as a boy in the high school and as a university student, Masaryk had watched the steady advance of the Italian people towards unity and independence. He had seen and secretly rejoiced at their victories over their Hapsburg oppressors, and now he could visit a city still tense with the emotion of becoming once more the capital of the Italian government. The young men gazed, half-awed, at the Vatican Palace where for six years the Pope had held himself a prisoner. As a good Catholic, Masaryk should have resented this

indignity to the head of the Church, but he could not escape real sympathy with the Italian nation, free and united, after years of subjugation to foreign powers.

And Leipzig was the realization of another dream: the desire to go on with his studies in a foreign university, which meant the opportunity, later, of being a professor in some university of the Austrian Empire. One would have to wait, of course, teaching awhile as assistant with no salary, until some older man died or retired, or some new department was opened. But this was the next step towards the goal young Masaryk had set himself, and he took it, without waiting for the rest to be assured.

Masaryk and young Schlesinger found lodgings in the 'Pension' or boarding-house of Madame Goering, a stout, kindly German woman, used to the ways of foreign students, and making them feel at home from the very first. Through this acquaintance the young men got speedily into the course of life in the German city; they enjoyed its good music, with concerts in the 'Gewandhaus', or marvellous Bach motets and chorals in the old Church of St. Thomas, where the great composer had once been organist and choir-director. They visited its museums and on holidays enjoyed excursions to the country round about, under the soft skies of a Central German autumn.

Schlesinger studied law, but Masaryk devoted himself to his favourite philosophy. He worked with the most famous man in Leipzig, Gustav Fechner, absorbing his views on God and the universe, and

comparing them with his own. In one of the greatest centres of Protestant theology of those times, he studied theology, and was constantly alert to see how a Protestant country like Germany lived differently from the Catholic lands he had been brought up in. He was already deeply concerned about the idea of progress in religion as in national life, and even wrote a brief article or two about it for the Leipzig papers. He greatly enjoyed the meetings of the Philosophical Society, with their debates on all manner of fascinating topics, and great thinkers like Zöllner or Wundt taking vigorous part in them. Within a few months he was lecturing to the Society: talks which proved to be sketches for his first book. He discovered in Leipzig a Russian Club. Its members had a boarding-house for themselves, where Russians and Czechs lived together, and where only Russian was spoken. Most of the Czechs were preparing themselves for teaching in Russia, but they welcomed this tall young 'Doktor' who was more interested in the Russians themselves and what they thought of the great problems of life than in simple language-practice.

In Leipzig there was also a Czech club, and Masaryk soon was taking an active part in its affairs. Most of its members were workmen, not a little astonished at having one of the 'intelligentsia' in such close sympathy with their own meagre lives. Here Masaryk lectured on all sorts of educational subjects, as he felt the workmen needed instruction. His experience in Vienna was very useful, and he could tell his fellow countrymen of the

mutual aid organized there, of the various methods by which they had kept alive their Czech feeling with readings from Czech literature, correspondence with the home-province, and other enterprises. He was amused to learn that the University of Leipzig had been founded in 1409 by German students who had left Prague, then the only university in Central Europe, after a clash between Czechs and Germans.

Here, in Leipzig, Masaryk found representatives of the Wends (the Czechs call them Lausatian Serbs), a strange little island of Slav folk, struggling valiantly to avoid being engulfed by the vast German ocean all about them. He could observe how some of their most talented men were giving up the struggle, spelling their names in the German fashion and writing in German instead of their own mother-tongue; and how others, fired with a patriotism like his own, were urging their compatriots to preserve their national heritage, their own language, customs, and literature. How well these efforts succeeded any traveller may observe to-day if he will spend a day in the famous 'Spreewald', not far from Berlin, and find himself plunged into a world as different from the rest of Germany as Italy is from Holland—quaint costumes, unusual architecture, and a language more nearly like Czech or Polish than like German. The example of these Wends gave Masaryk much to think about. Now he could urge his people to more resolute efforts to preserve their own language.

The Czech club had very interesting material to read and enjoy together in the delightful satires of the Czech

author Havlicek; racy commentaries on life in the Austrian Court done up in the style of myths. Of course they were forbidden by the Hapsburg censor, but rage as he might, the Emperor could not prohibit their secret circulation in hand-written copies passed from one friend to another. The Czech club in Leipzig, outside the authority of Austria, could enjoy Havlicek more freely, and great fun they had with his tales and verses.

Just at this time the university circles in Leipzig were much interested in spiritism and hypnotism. Zöllner, the astronomer and philosopher, who was one of Masaryk's acquaintances, urged him to devote some study to the mysterious things which took place in spiritualistic meetings—how could they be explained, he argued, unless they were the actions of spirits from another world? And young Masaryk visited the meetings, studied attentively all the weird phenomena, and decided that they were simply another item in the many things in the world which he did not understand, but that he could be no more certain that they were wrought by 'spirits' than that some human actor was trying to deceive his fellows. As ever, Masaryk approached new experiences with an open mind, but never allowed himself to be moved into accepting some one else's opinion as his own. He must think things out for himself.

One day at dinner buxom Mme Goering was all pleasurable excitement. A letter had come that morning saying that Charlotte Garrigue would soon arrive from America to spend the late spring and summer months.

Masaryk had heard much of the Garrigues from his landlady. He knew how she had become acquainted with this American family, when they visited Leipzig years before. He had been intrigued by the nationalities combined in that family, as Mme Goering had described them. The father, descendant of Huguenot stock, whose forebears had fled from France to escape persecution for their religious faith, had been born in Copenhagen, and moved later to the United States. Here he met and married an American girl, of the finest western pioneer stock. What a splendid combination, the young man thought: Protestant aristocracy, uncompromising in its allegiance to the truth, and the splendid energy and courage of western-American pioneers. Mme Goering told him how six years previously, the Garrigue family had visited her, leaving one daughter to spend two years studying the piano in Leipzig. Masaryk had heard very much of Charlotte, what a brilliant student she had been; how quickly she had accommodated herself to life in a foreign country; of her fine sweet character and her quick interest in any good cause. And as the days passed and Mme Goering began to make excited preparation for the arrival of her young American friend, Tomas Masaryk found himself also developing considerable interest. He thought that he should enjoy meeting the American guest.

At last the day came and Mme Goering went off to the station to meet Charlotte Garrigue. Masaryk stood behind the lace curtains of his room to watch her step out of the cab in front of the house. His first impression

was of her beautifully shaped head. (His old interest in 'physiognomy' had not deserted him.) Then he noted a confident, aristocratic carriage, small beautifully moving hands, and a quick flashing smile. Now he was sure he would like to meet the new member of the 'pension' family.

His first favourable impressions were confirmed by every day of their acquaintance. He found Charlotte Garrigue deeply interested in many of the things he was studying. The whole group of young people at Mme Goering's often went together to concerts, or to lectures in the Philosophical Society. Charlotte loved the same poets that Tomas did: Goethe and Shakespeare, but she knew better how to compare one with the other, playing off the ideas of Shakespeare about life against the fresh energy of the German. He was surprised to find that for all her love of poetry and her unquestioned musical talent, Charlotte was fond of mathematics and could discuss intelligently some of the problems of physics which Masaryk was studying. He found a new pleasure in her company, such as he had not known in Leipzig before. He took her with him to a meeting of the Philosophical Society, and was surprised to hear her participate wisely in the discussion. Beside this, there was a freedom, a sense of responsibility for herself, and a capacity to arrange her own affairs which he had never seen in European girls.

Mme Goering had already begun to share the liking for this young Czech 'Doktor' which most of the stu-

dents and professors of the philosophical department in the university held, and she was not at all displeased to notice Masaryk's growing interest in her friend from America. Smilingly she let herself be invited to accompany them on excursions, or visits to museums, and other recreation. One day the whole household of guests went to visit one of the Slavic villages outside Leipzig, across the river. On the way home, by accident or design, it happened that one boat contained, beside the ferryman, only Mme Goering, Tomas Masaryk, and Charlotte Garrigue. Like most Central European rivers, the Elster near Leipzig is not very wide, but deep and swift, and as they approached the bank, some awkwardness of the rower threw stout Mme Goering overboard. A bubbling shriek, and she disappeared beneath the surface, splashing furiously, but evidently unable to swim a stroke.

In a moment, Tomas had twisted out of his coat and was in the water beside her. Hysterical with fear, the good lady tried her best to seize Tomas about the neck, but skilfully avoiding this, he grasped her clothing and, not without supreme effort, succeeded in getting her to shore very much frightened and choking for air, but safe. He himself had taken more of the river water into his lungs than was good for him. That night he could not sleep and the next morning a doctor diagnosed fever and warned against the danger of pneumonia. 'Keep him in bed for a few days, until the lungs get clear,' he told Mme Goering.

Mme Goering was soon her cheerful, rosy self again,

and could not do enough for the youth who had saved her life. But there were other advantages in being confined to his room for a week, which appealed to young Masaryk even more. Charlotte Garrigue was no whit behind her hostess in admiring attention to the invalid. She was sorry that Masaryk had to miss so many lectures at the university and in recompense she suggested reading aloud. For several happy days, then, Masaryk and the vivacious American girl read together: English books which the young Czech had not yet had opportunity to look into; Buckle's *History of Civilization* and other serious things, as well as selections from English poetry, which Masaryk learned to know for the first time. Masaryk admired Byron with all his romance and daring. Charlotte loved Shakespeare better, with his deeper insight into human thoughts and motives.

This was the beginning of a companionship which was to last nearly half a century. As soon as Masaryk was able to be again at his lectures, he found the keenest pleasure in taking Charlotte with him. Concerts in St. Thomas's took on a new meaning for him with Charlotte to interpret the music. The tramps they took in the early summer around Leipzig were doubly interesting because of her company. Masaryk discovered how true she was to the tradition of her Huguenot ancestry: no trace of the moral anarchy so common in those days in Germany; a simple but absolutely immovable devotion to the truth; a deep sympathy with sufferers or oppressed, whether they were individuals or nations. She heard with avid interest his stories of the

noble traditions of Czech history, and shared his own sense of humiliation and discontent at the depth of Hapsburg oppression. In a few brief weeks there had ripened the deepest, truest friendship Tomas Masaryk had ever known.

These weeks were terribly short. It seemed scarcely a breath of time from the incident on the river to the day when Charlotte was to leave for America again, going on the way to visit other friends in Elgersburg, another German town. He did not soon forget their parting at the station—the smoky platform, the shrill whistle of the guard, and the departing train. By the time he had walked back to the Goering home, he had made up his mind. And that night the portly postman on their street received an express letter for 'Charlie' Garrigue, in which a young Czech student, penniless, and not yet located in even a simple teaching position, asked her to share his life and become his partner as long as they both should live. Within two days the answer came. Strangely enough it said neither yes nor no, but between the lines Masaryk could read the things his heart longed for most. He decided that he must see her once more, before she went to America. By collecting every scrap of money he had, he managed to find enough to pay his fare fourth class to Elgersburg. 'Fourth class' means riding in a box-car, on straight benches made of unpainted boards. But Masaryk would have walked, if he could not have afforded the railroad, and he scarcely noticed the discomfort of the hot journey through southern Germany.

Just what happened when he reached his destination we do not know, but before he left to return to Leipzig, Tomas Masaryk was engaged to marry the most wonderful girl he had ever known. Europe and America were to be joined in what proved to be an ideal family partnership. Charlotte returned to America, and at the end of the semester Masaryk went back to Vienna full of happy plans for the future, to prepare his first book. This must be approved by the university authorities in Vienna before he could become a 'docent' or assistant professor.

'Only through hard work do we build character.'

MASARYK.

CHAPTER IX

TOMAS CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

EXTERNALLY, life in Vienna was much as it had been before Masaryk went to Leipzig. He lived in the Schlesinger home, helping the younger brother, Max, with his studies, and continued work on his book. But to him, life had quite another tone; there was a new look on everything. Now his efforts had a new purpose: to complete his work as swiftly as possible and prepare himself to be able to bring Charlotte to Europe as his wife. The book he was working on, with its mass of statistics to be assembled from all corners of Europe, demanded the most drudging toil. But he was sure that Charlotte would not want him to do anything less than his best, and he stuck to his task.

Masaryk's work was rudely broken into one day, by a cablegram from America. It came from Charlotte's father. It brought very bad news: Charlotte had been seriously injured by falling from a carriage and Masaryk was to come to her at once. He made immediate preparation for the journey. Before he left Vienna, however, a letter from Charlotte herself, reached him, saying she was much better, and urging him not to interrupt his work until the book was finished. Much relieved of anxiety for 'Charlie', Masaryk nevertheless decided to proceed with his plans, and start at once to the States. A few days later he was boarding the S.S. *Herder* at Hamburg, bound for New York.

In those days a transatlantic trip was a doubtful

adventure. Instead of the six days or less now required by our best liners, the average passage time in 1878 was thirteen days. The *Herder* was an antiquated hulk, so rickety that it foundered on its next voyage across. The weather that February was worse than usual. Day after day they were knocked about by storms. Food for steerage passengers was abominable, and the close quarters and bad air would have made the journey unpleasant even if it had not been dangerous. And perilous it was, and no mistake, with every day fresh storms, and the ship pitching and straining, and beaten upon by the seas. One night, when the storm was at its highest and the old tub almost standing on end with the onslaught of the seas, there was a sudden crash, more terrible than all the other noises aboard, and floods of water swept through the cabins. No one doubted that the end had come, and pandemonium broke loose. Passengers screamed in terror, or shrieked their prayers, or tried vainly to make their way across the flooded cabin floor. Tomas was surprised to find himself lying quietly in his berth, waiting for whatever was to come next. In a few minutes it was ascertained that the crash had been the bursting of the water reservoirs, and not the ship's side. But the incident tells us much of the type of young man who was about to enter a foreign land to claim his bride.

The voyage lasted seventeen days, instead of the usual thirteen. As they passed up New York harbour, an officer pointed out to Tomas where Brooklyn was; he could see the gigantic piers of the bridge the whole

world had been talking of, and even some of the first cables, already in place. Brooklyn, he knew, was where Charlotte lived, and his heart leaped at the thought of seeing her again.

He found her quite recovered from her accident, and he met a fairly warm welcome in the large Garrigue family: eight children, all younger than Charlotte. They thought this handsome, young foreigner with his slowly-chosen English very interesting. Unlike most other Europeans who had been in this home, he seemed to know how to accommodate himself perfectly to life in a new place, and neither in manner nor in dress did he seem other than at his ease. He lived at a small hotel near the Garrigue home, but spent all his time with the family. The boys took him riding on their ponies, and the girls tried to engage him in conversation. But most of the time he spent with Charlotte.

Shortly after his arrival Tomas had an interview with Mr. Garrigue. 'We must make our plans for the future, sir,' he told Charlotte's father, 'and I should like to know what you expect to do in the way of—I do not know how you call it in English—"Mitgift" is the German word.' Now 'Mitgift' means the bride's dowry, the amount she receives from her father at the time of her wedding. In Europe, if a man and a girl plan marriage, one of the first things which the young man asks is how much dowry she will receive. Masaryk had not raised this question with Charlotte—their love was something quite beyond such considerations, but he thought it right now to open the discussion.

'Mitgift!' said Mr. Garrigue sternly. 'That is an idea we do not have in America. Here, if a young man marries, he supports his own wife, and that 's the end of it.'

'But', protested the young man, 'you do not understand.'

'No buts about it,' the other replied shortly, 'the man who marries a daughter of mine must support her, without relying on any one else to help him.'

Patiently Tomas explained his situation: how it would be necessary to wait for the university to give him authority to deliver lectures, and then spend a year or two, lecturing without salary, before he could hope for a paid position, however modest. He reckoned that three years would pass before he would be earning much, and proposed that Mr. Garrigue should provide him and Charlotte with financial support for those three years. But Mr. Garrigue was adamant. No son-in-law of his would live on his bounty, he declared.

'Do what you will, but you'll not get one penny from me.'

Charlotte shared Tomas's consternation. And so did all the family. Was Tomas to give up his thought of marrying Charlotte and go back to Vienna without her? Some of Charlotte's sisters thought that would be better; if his financial prospects were so poor, they were unwilling to entrust their sister to him, away off there across the ocean. Masaryk and Charlotte discussed all sorts of plans. Neither of them considered at all seriously the thought of breaking the engagement. But what were they to do? If they returned to Vienna

he must begin by looking for employment, since his sudden departure for America had lost to him all his pupils, and he had no other source of income. Perhaps Tomas might secure employment in the States. Newspaper work or teaching was considered (apparently he had forgotten his project, years before, to earn a livelihood in America by opening a baker's shop) and one or two attempts were made to secure employment, but nothing came of them.

For a week the whole family was distressed. Tomas had little to say, and spent much time stretched out on the great sofa in the Garrigue living-room, looking very pale and worried, and Charlotte conducted negotiations with her father. At last the matter was settled: Mr. Garrigue promised to buy two steamer tickets for the trip back to Europe, and gave his daughter $750 (£150) to help the young people get started in Vienna. There was a brief civil marriage service at the city hall one March morning, and that evening a wedding in the Garrigue home. It was a very quiet affair, with only a few friends outside the family. For a week afterwards, Charlotte and Tomas saw the sights of New York together. Charlotte obtained access to a number of wealthy homes where fine art collections were housed, and together they studied the most beautiful things New York contained. A week later the bride and groom were again on the ocean, bound for Vienna and whatever the future might hold. Masaryk had been in the States just two weeks. On the day of his wedding he announced that he had adopted a new middle name, the

family name of his wife: from that day on he has been known as Tomas Garrigue Masaryk.

On their way the couple stopped in Leipzig to receive the blessings and congratulations of kindly Mme Goering, and again in Prague. For the second time in his life Masaryk saw the city which was one day to become the capital of a new state he would found. It was a sunny springtime day, and he and Charlotte went about enjoying Prague's walls and towers, the stately view of the Castle Hill, and the beautiful bridges over the Moldau.

Then Vienna and the beginning of a life full of struggle for the newly-wed couple. They found a tiny apartment, if one room and kitchen could be dignified by the name, out across the canal in the 'Leopoldstadt'. In this poor section of the city Masaryk served for a time as supply teacher in the public schools, but found it uninteresting and still less profitable, so he turned his attention to private tutoring, continuing his work on the book which was to win him the right to be assistant professor. At last this was finished, but not immediately accepted by the university. Some of the more conservative old professors felt the young Czech had produced something too liberal for their liking, and did their best to prevent its being officially approved. Thanks to the intervention of his old friends Professors Zimmerman and Brentano, however, the book entitled 'Suicide as a Mass Phenomenon' was accepted after nearly a year's delay, and Masaryk could plan his first lectures in the university. The topic for this book, as Masaryk has told us himself, was the result of his

meditation on that first suicide in his experience, in Chaykovitz.

Those were difficult years for the young assistant professor and his bride. Teaching was poorly paid, and Masaryk had a long summer's illness with typhoid fever. There was soon a baby girl, and about a year later a tiny boy came to share her mother's care. But Charlotte believed that a wife should be her husband's partner in all sides of life and she found time somehow to share his work, even making a translation of an English philosophical treatise which Masaryk later published with an introduction by himself. And in spite of their poverty, the little rooms in the Leopoldstadt soon became the centre where picked students were glad to gather for long discussions, late into the night over their teacups.

This fact, alone, was enough to have made Masaryk a marked personality in the city of Vienna. Most professors in the university knew their places and kept them. They were there to lecture to students on special subjects, not to be friends with them, or to discuss all manner of things, including their life-problems. Many people knew of Masaryk because of his 'rich American wife', and their poverty-stricken home was occasionally enlivened with a sort of tragic comedy, when some fat Viennese banker came to offer Masaryk opportunities for investing his fortune.

About this time he had followed the example of Brentano, formally breaking his connexion with the Catholic Church. Under his wife's influence he now

joined a Czech Protestant denomination. This, too, brought his name to the ears of those in authority. Besides this, the publication of his book on Suicide had made Masaryk's name a topic of discussion in all the universities of Europe. Some leaders held that the book was philosophical, others argued that it was more a study of laws, but all agreed that it deserved serious attention. The University of Cernovitz wrote to offer the young author a full professorship. But Masaryk and his wife had made up their minds to remain in Vienna despite the hardships, and continue his work there. He had good friends in the philosophical department and if he waited long enough, perhaps some position with a salary attached might be open to him.

In vacation they went to Masaryk's home-country, southern Moravia. Life in the village was cheaper than that in Vienna. Here numerous comic incidents occurred, because of the fortune the villagers believed Masaryk had secured at his marriage. Once a delegation of country folk came to present a petition: knowing his interest in southern Moravia, they said, they felt sure he would be glad to help its prosperity by building a railroad for them, from Hustopetz to Klobouk! Another day an old peasant came to the house. After much hesitation he told Tomas the object of his visit: he wished to see Mrs. Masaryk.

'Is she a real American?' he questioned. 'I never saw a real American.'

'Yes, she is,' Masaryk assured him; 'but here she comes—you may see for yourself.'

The old Slovak gave one look, and his jaw sagged: 'But I thought she was a negress!' he stammered, and hurried from the house.

Just at this time came another offered professorship. The trustees of the newly authorized Czech university in Prague invited Masaryk to become a member of the faculty there. In one sense the invitation was a great compliment. Prague was the oldest university in Central Europe, with great traditions of Hus and Comenius and Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer. To become professor there was an opportunity not to be lightly passed over, and it had come without his having to wait until some senior instructor died or retired. But Masaryk knew more of the secret history of the Prague University which made the offer less attractive. For generations, against the protests of Czech patriots, instruction in the University of Prague had been in German, the state language. Although only a small part of the students were German-born, the Hapsburg authority supported a German domination of the whole school, and thousands of Czech and Slovak students had to take all their education in a language not their mother-tongue. For some time, however, Czech leaders had made such good capital of this injustice that certain Czech professors were permitted to lecture in their own language. And just this year, after a tremendous battle in the Viennese Parliament, these same leaders had wrung from the Imperial government the charter for a separate university in Prague where instruction was to be all in Czech. Quite naturally,

Masaryk saw, the atmosphere of battle which had hung over Prague through the past four years would not subside overnight. If he went to Prague it would mean unpleasantness, perhaps conflict.

Masaryk was not a little surprised at the invitation. Years later he said he felt that he had become a professor 'by accident'. Those who knew him best were not at all astonished: the young 'assistant' in Vienna was already much talked of because of his book on Suicide, even more so among Czechs and Slovaks, because of other writings, articles, and studies written all in Czech. But more than these, Masaryk's method of teaching, sharing himself and all his experience with his students, was something quite unusual. Whether it was 'accident' or not, we can perhaps judge from a letter Masaryk's friend Professor Zimmerman of Vienna wrote to the Prague University board. It is longer than we need to quote, but here are some phrases from it:

'I have known Dr. Masaryk for many years and have observed his work in the university most intimately. In spite of the most difficult circumstances and his extreme poverty, Masaryk has built his road to education by his firm perseverance and rare courage. . . . As assistant professor here he has rapidly acquired remarkable influence upon local conditions. . . . I hope that this well-rounded young man by obtaining a paid position, may be finally freed from the private teaching by which he has had to earn his living all these years. . . . I think that the new university could not propose a candidate better suited both by intellectual training and by his character, for the position.'

Was it 'accident'? Although the call to Prague was

nothing young Masaryk had planned for, it was a clear confirmation of one of his own life principles: 'I never wasted much time deciding what I would be, or how; but from boyhood I have held the principle that the man who truly wishes to work will always know how and where and when.'

He discussed the whole matter with Charlotte. By this time his young wife had learned Czech so well that she was participating in the long philosophical debates over the teacups in the tiny flat in the Vienna suburb. Masaryk was already known as a writer in Czech, and Prague was the capital of Czech nationalism. But neither of them knew Prague save by reputation, and that was none of the best. They knew of petty quarrels, of unworthy intrigues among some of the professors of the university. Beside these difficulties, they were sure to encounter remnants of the old German-Czech feud. On the other hand, here was the chance Masaryk had been longing for: a salary sufficient to support his family and an opportunity to continue his own studies without being hounded every moment by the need to seek new private tutoring. In the summer of 1882 they moved to Prague.

In the same year, four thousand miles across the sea in the United States another young man was entering upon his romantic career. Theodore Roosevelt was taking his first political office, as member of the New York legislature. Although one day Roosevelt's influence was to be thrown in to help Masaryk in his greatest life-battle, the two men had probably never

heard of each other before. Yet their positions at the moment were similar, and the history they were about to make even more so. Masaryk foresaw conflicts in Prague. Any one who knew Roosevelt or Masaryk at this time could have foretold for one as for the other the long succession of battles for great causes into which each was entering. For Masaryk the stage was set for a series of conflicts, some of which would win the attention of the civilized world and change the map of Europe.

'Men use force through terror: they lie because they are afraid.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER X

A HERO FOR TRUTH

THE 'new' university in Prague was new only in using a different language from the older, German section, hidebound and conservative, and completely subservient to the Hapsburgs. The Czech University, with mostly old professors taken over from the German school, was just nicely started on the same comfortable course, when Masaryk arrived in Prague and began to lecture. The impression he made was as startling as turning a hose upon a tramp asleep in the sun. The older professors first rubbed their eyes a bit at the newcomer's strange ways, and then began to wail their protests. This young upstart does not conform to the traditions. He does not know how to preserve the distance and dignity of a real professor, he talks with students as equals, he even lets them joke with him! A little later, some of the more conservative began to complain to their Hapsburg masters. This young professor of philosophy is not sticking to his subject; he talks about all kinds of problems of daily life. He has even mentioned a student's attitude towards girls and how he should found a home—he talks of happenings reported in the newspapers, even of politics—he is probably secretly trying to undermine the church.

But the students—they loved him at first sight. Here was a professor of a different sort. In the first place he did not preach to them, like pouring information into bottles in a rack; he wanted them to use their own

brains—he challenged them to think things out for themselves. Instead of setting himself up as infallible, like most of the professors, he would debate with his students, giving and taking in the conflict of ideas. And then he talked about such useful and interesting things! His course in 'practical philosophy' covered all the thousand questions young people were eagerly seeking answers to, for their own lives: questions of the choice of a life work, of student honour, of sex-life and the family, of hygiene, of student and other organizations. He talked openly of things students had never heard mentioned save in whispers. He was a student among students. A teacher they respected and trusted at once.

Even in his way of life this young professor was different from most of his colleagues: during vacations he liked to hunt and fish. Two evenings of every week he was to be found, almost the only man over thirty, in the gymnastic society, matching his skill on the bars or the rings with young people who to-morrow morning would face him in the lecture-room. Walk along the street with him, and you had to hurry to keep up with his vigorous strides. If there happened to be a ditch across the road, while you, as a dignified university student, were looking for the best way round it, Hup! and he had leaped across. A university professor! And humour! He enjoyed a joke with the best of them, never better than when it was at his own expense.

No wonder the whole university began to hear of this new teacher. While older professors spoke to empty benches, his lecture-room was always crowded. But

Masaryk's contact with students did not stop with the lecture-hall. He asked them to come to his house; he took them on long walks with him. He was father-confessor and adviser to hundreds who came to him with problems that they would not think of mentioning to another professor. And his advice they would accept, for they knew that he never suggested anything he did not do himself. Who better than he could urge more athletics upon students who in the fashion of that day took no physical exercise whatever? When he talked of sex-morality the students knew that his own family life was ideal. When he lectured against the demoralizing habits of the coffee-house, they knew that he was conscientious to a fault in the use of time. No one better than Masaryk could urge clean habits. He had long since become a total abstainer. Every student in the philosophical department registered for Masaryk's lectures, as a matter of course. Now they began to flock in from other departments, future physicians and even engineers. For the first few years of his life in Prague Masaryk was the favourite of all university students.

For instance, take the case of young Flesch, only son of a rich merchant of Brno. This young man had found in Masaryk his ideal, his teacher, adviser, and friend. A year or two after leaving the university he died suddenly in Berlin, leaving all his property to Masaryk. Probably nothing could better illustrate what sort of a man Masaryk was, than the way he used the small fortune so unexpectedly dropped into his hands. He purchased a small inn in Hustopetz, where his parents

could live in quiet comfort. At last Josef Masaryk was a free man, and this because his son had become a teacher instead of a blacksmith. He helped his brother Ludwig to set himself up in a printing-shop where he made a comfortable living. And there were so many needy students—who better than Masaryk knew what it meant to be a poverty-burdened student? Within two years the modest fortune was gone, and Masaryk had not used one penny for himself!

Masaryk's popularity soon spread beyond the university walls. He lectured in the 'American Women's Club' at Naprstek's, the quaint old house now preserved as a museum, where the couple who had made their fortune in America assembled one of the finest collections of Americana extant. Go through it some day and see American newspapers of the '70's and '80's, Lincoln relics, and all sorts of mementoes of the gold-digging days in what was then truly the wild west. And even beyond Prague the news spread of the young professor who taught 'practical philosophy'. Students of the other Slavic peoples began to pour into Prague—Serbs and Poles, and Croatians and Ukrainians.

There was a special reason for this last. For all these smaller oppressed nations, cousins in the great Slav family, Masaryk had a special message. Those were the days when most of the patriotism of oppressed peoples contented itself with romantic plans for the future, or more romantic and almost as indefinite literature. In most of the schools of Central Europe, all of them under the watchful eye of Imperial censors, Russian or Ger-

man or Austrian, such problems were discussed only in whispers, and only among students themselves. Here was a professor who talked openly of the needs and demands of the oppressed nationalities, how much independence they might hope to have, and how they might achieve it. He knew what he was talking about, for he had studied these questions carefully and had formed his own judgement about them.

'You all want to be good patriots,' Masaryk told them. 'The very best way to do that is to be a good doctor, or teacher, or engineer. It 's not enough to proclaim yourself a Czech; you must know what you have to do about it: first be the best possible kind of man yourself, then know the kind of truth the Czech tradition stands for. Your only hope of escape from complete submersion in the great nationalities pressing upon you from all sides is action—but moral action first of all. Only what is right can hope to succeed. Think out your plan, be sure it is morally true, but then act, don't dream.'

This teaching for all the smaller nations, Masaryk developed especially for his own. He found most Czech nationalists dreaming vaguely of some kind of future pan-Slavic state in which Russian influence should somehow have rescued them from the Hapsburgs; content to live on the thoughts of others and careless of how much they knew themselves. Within a year after his arrival in Prague, Masaryk founded the first Czech scientific magazine, *The Athenaeum*, which soon won its way to the tables of almost every educated family in the land. Here again he preached his message to the Czechs: patriotism consists in *being* and acting. In action based

on the highest moral tradition of your nation. To deserve life the small nation must first of all be a nation which lives by the truth. For the first time in history, a great thinker was developing a reasoned programme for the small, oppressed peoples of Europe.

Just at this time, one small nation, and that his own, the Czech, became a topic of discussion in European journals. Scientists were again raising the question of the so-called 'Old Czech Manuscripts'. These were two documents 'discovered' seventy years before by a group of romantic Czech patriots. They were poems about early Czech history, of Libusha the princess who founded the Czech kingdom, and of other legendary heroes. The discovery had been hailed as a revelation. Here was proof that the Czechs had been a cultured people in the thirteenth century. That while the Germans were still wearing skins and living on acorns, the Czechs were writing poetry. Nothing could have better suited the vanity of the Czechs at this time. Years before, some foreign scholars and one brave Czech scientist had questioned the genuineness of these documents, but no one replied to this challenge. Now that it was raised again in the foreign press, Masaryk took it up.

He asked Professor Gebauer, the leading authority on medieval history, to write an article for *The Athenaeum* and tell the whole truth about the manuscripts. That article shook the Czech world. Gebauer proved the precious documents to be bald forgeries; instead of having been unearthed in Kutna Hora, he

showed these writings on parchment to have been manufactured by a group of enthusiasts in Prague. If what he said was true, the Czech people had been basing their fond claims to an ancient culture on a pure fabrication.

And what a storm broke loose about Masaryk's head! It was not that he raised a new scientific question, but that he had attacked the favourite theme of Czech patriotism. Every newspaper in the country fired volleys at him. 'He has been bought by the Hapsburg government to discredit the nation. Even if the manuscripts were forged, no patriot should dare admit it!' they shrieked. Almost the whole faculty of the university joined in the hue and cry against Masaryk. 'Our one object in life now,' they wrote, 'is to see Masaryk safely expelled from this university.' Out in eastern Bohemia, a man named his dog Masaryk, in token of his scorn and hatred. And the leading Prague newspaper wrote about the young professor who had dared to attack the favourite tradition of their past: 'Go, traitor: join the enemy you are serving. Forget that you were born of a Czech mother. Forget that you ever walked on Czech soil. We cut you off as a festering ulcer. Go! Flee from this holy earth before it opens and swallows you!'

Within three years this very newspaper would be claiming Masaryk as a member of its party, and urging his candidature for the Vienna parliament, but for the moment it represented fairly well the general feeling about the young man who dared to stand for the truth, even against his whole nation. Masaryk was made to

feel that nation's displeasure in very direct fashion. He had come to Prague with the promise that in three years he would be advanced to the position and the salary of a regular professor. This year that promotion was due. It was denied, and he had to wait thirteen years, living all the time on a miserable wage, before he was finally given the advancement. A campaign organized against his magazine resulted in its failure, with no small financial loss to himself. The scientific dictionary which he was sponsoring, and in which he had invested considerable capital, was ruined. And all because he had dared to tell his own people that they were believing in false tradition. Within a few years the whole Czech people accepted Masaryk's statement and all recognized the documents as forgeries, but the fight cost Masaryk dear. One mark of a hero is when he stands against the mob and for truth, at his own personal peril. Masaryk risked his position and his good name to convince the Czech people that no nation's claim to honour can be based upon a lie.

The storm passed. Masaryk continued his quiet work in the university, his writing in the public press, and within three years had won so many of the young Czech leaders to his higher sense of patriotism that the 'Young Czech' party supported and elected him to represent them in the parliament in Vienna. Within a few months he was the sensation of that diverse assembly. When he made a speech, every one flocked to hear. He could not understand it, he was simply telling the truth! But that made the difference: no

other member of parliament dared to rise in his place and state what most of them knew to be facts, calling things by their proper names, graft—graft, and tyranny —tyranny. For the first time in history, he presented a systematized programme of what the Czechs demanded of the Hapsburg Empire. 'We want independence,' he told them simply. 'We wish to arrange our own affairs. Whatever a people should do for its own culture, we wish to do for ourselves.' And now it was no longer his own people who declared him disloyal; the government leaders were beside themselves with rage, and as Masaryk went on to depict the opposition of the ruling party to these ideals of his own people, one of the royalists, rising in his place, screamed: 'Sit down, you arch-traitor!'

If there had been doubt before in the popular mind, it vanished now. Masaryk had won the whole Czech nation. He extended his sphere of popularity still farther, when the next year, as member of an official delegation to visit Bosnia and Herzegovina, he rose in parliament and told what he had seen. These two Balkan provinces, supposedly under an Austrian mandate, were really being systematically plundered by corrupt Austrian officials. Not only the Czechs were on his side now, but all the small Slavic peoples. The Serbs who knew from their own bitter experience how truly he spoke; the Slovaks blindly resenting the overwhelming efforts of the Empire to make them forget their nationality; the Poles still smarting under Russian and Hapsburg lordship.

This popular favour Masaryk increased steadily by his wide travels, both within the country and outside. As representative of the people in parliament, he believed that he ought to know what they thought and give them the chance to know him. He embarked upon a series of lectures which brought him to almost every Czech and Moravian town. He was already a national figure. As one of his contemporaries put it, no one could be indifferent to Masaryk's ideas; you must be for him or against him. The younger people, almost to a man, were for him.

He spent his vacations in Slovakia, choosing a different town every summer. How welcome a guest he was there in the eyes of the Imperial police may be indicated by an incident. It was the centenary of the birth of Koller, greatest of Slovak patriots. Masaryk was spending the summer near the town of his birth, and although he knew that the police had forbidden a proposed meeting of Slovak students, he took his children on a walk to show them the great man's birthplace. They entered the village square, Professor Masaryk and his son, Herbert, thirteen years old. Scarcely had they advanced half-way across, when they heard a shout from behind.

'Halt, in the name of the law.'

Turning, Masaryk saw a Hungarian police officer, with rifle levelled at him. Herbert shrieked and got behind his father. Masaryk marched directly to the policeman, who turned his bayonet on him. 'This is against the law,' Masaryk said simply. 'You have no

right to level your gun at a man from behind without first challenging him!'

Abashed, the officer dropped his weapon, and tried to beg Masaryk's pardon, saying that he was under orders to prevent a meeting in the square. The story was told all through Slovakia, and every one knew how closely the Hapsburg government was watching this clear-eyed professor from Prague, even on his vacation.

Twice during this period Masaryk went abroad; both times to Russia. He would visit countries whose language he knew, he said, because only there could he truly get to know the people. Both these journeys led his steps to Yasnaya Polyana, the estate where the great Russian reformer, Tolstoy, was living and writing books which all Europe was talking about. Although they found themselves disagreeing on the problem of non-resistance to evil, the two great souls had much in common. Both had deep sympathy for the poor and oppressed. Tolstoy recognized his visitor's practical ground for this. Looking at Masaryk's hands he said: 'You must have been a workman yourself.' The two were agreed in their distrust of all absolute monarchy, in their fearless search for the truth. Both embraced the highest ideals of personal morality. Even in distant Russia Masaryk was increasing his circle of friends.

His next great conflict cost him nearly all of them. Again he was to stand alone in the defence of the defenceless. In a little Bohemian town a girl had been murdered, and the Imperial police accused a poor Jewish tramp, Leopold Hilsner, of having committed

the crime. They hinted that this was another instance of Jews taking Christian blood for their religious ceremonies, probably to be used in baking passover bread. It was easy to play upon popular feeling with such a superstition still commonly held. The papers were full of it. The chief leaders of the Church even added their word to the general outcry. With almost no trial at all, Hilsner was condemned to death, clearly for 'ritual murder', that is, killing for the purpose of religious uses.

Masaryk had been watching the case from the first. No sooner was the verdict announced than he published a vivid article attacking the courts for miscarriage of justice. He demonstrated that never in the world had it been proved that such a practice as ritual murder existed; that it was merely a popular superstition, secretly supported by the Church. He took up the conduct of the case, move by move, and showed how careless testimony had been misused, how public opinion had been unjustly played upon, government and other powerful leaders all conspiring to take the life of a defenceless tramp, who happened to be a Jew. The case had attracted attention all over Europe, and Masaryk's sharp criticism was promptly taken up in so many foreign cities that the government hastily called a new trial, and Hilsner was merely imprisoned.

But the group in power in Austria could not endure such a challenge from a simple young professor, and all turned their efforts to making life miserable for Masaryk. The newspapers organized a 'hunt' against

him. They called him a traitor to Christianity. They screamed that Masaryk had been paid two million crowns by a world organization of Jews. The old charge about his being disloyal was repeated. This time they called him traitor not only to his own people, but to the whole white race. Masaryk's children were insulted in the streets. His friends were not received in 'good society'. He was denied access to the gymnasium where he took his exercise. The storm reached a peak in an organized demonstration against Masaryk in his own university. A mob of shouting hooligans, only part of them students, gathered before the door of his lecture-room, barring his entry. When he got in through a side door they jammed the auditorium and made such an uproar that his voice could not be heard. He tried to write a message on the blackboard; they knocked the chalk from his hand. At last the dean of the university came and begged Masaryk to leave, protecting him with his own body.

Perhaps the deepest cut of all came when one day Josef Masaryk, sturdy old Slovak, suddenly came to visit his son in Prague. He was not much interested in city life, except to remark how differently horses were harnessed there than in his village. For a day or two he rambled about town, talking with the gorgeously dressed door-men in Prague's aristocratic quarters, and then finally he told his son the purpose of his visit. 'It 's like this, Tomas,' he explained; 'you surely don't need all of those two millions of Jewish money, and we could use some of it to build an addition to our inn.'

Even his own father believed that he had acted dishonourably! After all, in defending the Jew Hilsner, Masaryk had been defending the honour of his own people—and to be so cruelly misunderstood was almost more than he could bear. He resolved to take his family and leave the country.

The resolution would have been carried into action but for the intervention of Charlotte Masaryk. If anyone had suffered under this storm, she had; her children were afraid to go into the streets. She herself had been slandered in the newspapers. 'And yet,' she told her husband, 'your duty is with your own people. You should stay here, no matter what it costs. Truth will win the victory.' At the sight of his American wife, so deeply rooted in his own soil, so sincerely a part of Czech life as to stand against his own despondency, Masaryk altered his plan and remained in Prague. Some day a grateful Czech nation should erect a monument to Charlotte Garrigue Masaryk for preserving to them their liberator!

But the storm had not spent itself. After Masaryk had taken part in a national movement to win the right for every citizen to vote, when Charlotte marched with him in a procession of working-men (unheard-of action for a professor and his wife!), Masaryk was again nominated for election to parliament. Here all the 'powers' mobilized their forces to oppose him. He was twice arrested on trumped-up charges. High officials of the Church went to Vienna to request his dismissal from the university. In his own election district he was de-

nounced as the paid agent of the Jews. No Christian should vote for him. Posters on every hoarding and wall warned the public:

'If you love your country and your mother-tongue—
Vote against Masaryk.
If you love the Christian faith—
Vote against Masaryk.
If you believe in a Christian home—
Vote against Masaryk.
Fathers, mothers, wives, vote against Masaryk, the man who preaches free love and homeless children.'

But Masaryk was elected and again took his seat in parliament, this time with a new attitude towards the old Hapsburg throne. Before, he had worked for some sort of Czech freedom within the Empire. The past years had convinced him of the inner decay of the whole political structure, and that the time was near at hand when it would collapse of itself. He was now consciously working against the ancient House of Hapsburg, and hoping to share in the organization of some better form of government once the old masters were dismissed.

Few visitors to the Imperial Parliament would have looked twice at the Moravian member, sitting quietly in his corner, keen eyes shining behind his spectacles, black beard always neatly trimmed. He sat much alone, even for his meals, and he seemed eternally to be reading, mostly parliamentary reports. As ever, he was taking his task with the utmost seriousness. But when he spoke every available seat was filled; it was sure to

be a sensation. For this quiet Prague professor was already the recognized leader of the liberal forces opposed to the Hapsburg reaction. When a professor of the University of Innsbruck was threatened with dismissal because he had dared to criticize the Pope Masaryk startled the whole Austrian Empire with a speech disclosing the dictatorship of the Roman Church in Imperial affairs. The government immediately withdrew its action against the professor.

How the 'interests' did hate him—the nobility and the others who battened on Imperial favour! Blind to the real state of affairs, to the awakening sense of discontent in all their subject-peoples, be they Serb or Croat, Czech or Slovak, they cried that his efforts to attain justice were treason to the Emperor. 'He is overturning our institutions,' they wailed. Frightened at the spread of the liberal ideas Masaryk was supporting, the reactionaries decided that they must control the universities. In a great meeting in Vienna they pledged themselves to take under their censorship these 'hotbeds of perverse ideas of irreligion and revolution'. In two speeches which made their ears tingle, Masaryk attacked this group, demanding an Imperial assurance that the freedom of the universities would not be molested. So strong were his arguments, mostly from their own literature (not for nothing had he been studying it, all these quiet weeks!), that even the conservatives were afraid to vote against his motion, and the Minister of Education issued the assurance parliament demanded.

Masaryk's strength in parliament was not in fine

high-flown oratory, but rather in deep personal conviction, supported by evidence usually as startling as it was undeniable. What others whispered behind their hands, he spoke out in open meeting. With all his might he was battling for justice for his people, for all of Central Europe as it turned out later; but battling with only honourable weapons. 'In battles of the spirit, as in physical conflict,' he told his fellow fighters, 'you may use every honourable means. The bravest and the most skilful warriors are ever known for their chivalry; they battle like men, openly, honourably. Only the weak or the second-rate take refuge in deceit or dishonourable methods.'

The next great battle was to make Masaryk's name known not only in his own country but in all Europe, and loved by millions of his fellow Slavs. It grew out of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the two provinces that the Austrian Empire had so long been exploiting under cover of 'managing' them for the Turkish government. Now, in 1908, Austria abandoned all pretence and announced that she had made them part of the Empire. All Europe buzzed with criticism and discontent, but nothing else happened. Such was the pressure of public opinion, however, that the Hapsburg Foreign Office felt the need of some kind of justification. In Agram (now Zagreb) the secret police arrested over fifty native Serbs and Croats, inoffensive merchants, farmers, and teachers, charging them with conspiring against the Empire. There was a hurried trial, with paid witnesses, and fifty-three Serbian

patriots were found guilty of high treason. They were charged with receiving money from Belgrade, the capital of little Serbia, Austria's neighbour to the south, for a secret organization to liberate Bosnia and Herzegovina from Hapsburg dominance.

So much the world knew, and that might have been the end of the fifty-three men in an Agram prison but for Masaryk. He had quietly spent a few days in Agram watching the trial and collecting some evidence of his own. His two speeches about the affair in parliament set all Europe by the ears. He declared the trial to be part of a devilish plan to discredit Serbia. He affirmed that the defendants in Agram had been condemned on the evidence of paid agents. Again public opinion became too strong for the Hapsburg minions, and a re-trial was ordered, 'on the basis of doubt as to the testimony on which judgement was given'. Later the Emperor quashed the whole action.

The next turn in events was even more sensational. Serbian and Crotian members of parliament attacked Professor Friedjung in the courts for having falsely accused them of being in the pay of Serbia. Friedjung, Imperial court historian, replied that his statements were based on official documents in the Hapsburg archives. Every one knew that Masaryk was the originator of the trial and that he was supporting the Serbs in the fight to clear their names of dishonour. He was one of the principal witnesses called, in a hearing reported in every newspaper in Europe. His testimony showed beyond a doubt that these 'official'

documents had been manufactured by the Austrian Minister in Belgrade, and at the instigation of the Hapsburg monarchy itself. Never in modern times had a great nation's dishonourable politics been so plainly revealed to all the world. The person hardest hit was Aehrenthal, the Emperor's Minister of Foreign Affairs. To be thus thwarted in his sly plans, and besides this to be placarded to all Europe as a forger of documents, was an insult that he could not allow to pass unavenged.

But Masaryk met him on his own ground. At the risk of his life, with Hapsburg secret agents following every step of the way, he went to Belgrade, and by some of the cleverest detective work on record secured and brought back with him the original forged documents. He was now a member of the 'Delegation', the only committee of parliament which had any right even to say a word about the foreign policy of the Hapsburgs, and in the next meeting of this body, with Aehrenthal present, the battle began. To most observers it would have seemed a pitifully one-sided duel—here was a mere Czech professor from Prague challenging the Foreign Minister of the most powerful Empire in Europe, with all the force and prestige of the Hapsburgs behind him. And it proved to be one-sided; but with the advantage all in Masaryk's hands. Step by step, with unerring and pitiless logic, supported by the documents in his hands, he made Aehrenthal admit his crookedness; that the 'reasons' for annexing Bosnia were groundless; that the Minister had lied when he denied any connexion with the Serbian criminal who had just recently con-

fessed to forging the documents; that Aehrenthal had done his best to interfere with justice in the Friedjung trial. In a word, there before the Ministerial Council, Masaryk proved this Imperial agent to be a common deceiver, and discredited not only the one man but the whole Hapsburg foreign policy in the eyes of the civilized world.

It was in one of these exciting meetings of the 'Delegation' that Aehrenthal, pushed into a corner and grasping at any manner of defence, suddenly shouted at Masaryk that he had better stick to his teaching.

'Better to instruct the next generation in science than be mixed up with political agitation.'

Masaryk answered him coolly: 'As a cabinet minister, you should not permit yourself to make such remarks. As a professor, I must say that I could give you no better grades in logic and philosophy than I have given you in politics.'

A year later Masaryk published a book giving all the facts in the case. Nothing in the decade before the war had done so much to reveal to the world the dishonesty and decadence in the Hapsburg Empire.

All this gave Masaryk a position of leadership not only among Czechs and Slovaks but also with the Slav peoples in the south of the Austro-Hungarian Empire: Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. They, too, were under oppression; they, too, hoped for something like independence, but with perhaps less well-organized means, and lacking a captain in the conflict such as was Masaryk. Twenty years before, a group of Croatian

students, expelled from their own university in Agram for burning the Hapsburg flag while the Emperor was visiting the city, had come to Prague to continue their studies. And ever since there had been an increasing stream of southern Slav students passing through Masaryk's lecture-room and returning home to help their own people to fight for freedom. Masaryk taught them to combine with their neighbours, the Serbs, rather than fight them. By this time (1910) all the southern Slavs under the Hapsburg domination were united in one great movement—a situation almost unheard of in history. A prominent political journalist, writing of this, said: 'When you look for the source of all this new conciliation you are sure to run into a pupil of Masaryk, some one who has sat in his class-room and learned to co-operate with his fellows. This is the influence of the lonely Slovak in Prague, who seems to some a mixture of Tolstoy and Walt Whitman, to others a heretic.' Chiefly through the quiet influence of Masaryk the southern Slavs were prepared to build up a strong new state when the Hapsburg Empire was dissolved at the end of the great war.

In other parts of the world Masaryk was extending his influence also. In 1901 he had spent some time in England, studying the working of that constitutional monarchy; and twice he had visited America. His friend Mr. Crane had arranged a series of lectures in the University of Chicago, and Masaryk used the opportunity to become acquainted with the large Czech population of that and other American cities. Six

years later, just before he took his seat in the Vienna Parliament, he was once more invited to lecture in America, this time on religious topics. Again he visited the numerous colonies of his fellow countrymen—in Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, and New York. Even then he had no thought of how much he would depend upon these Czechs and Slovaks in the effort to secure freedom for their homeland.

Two more circumstances brought Masaryk into public notice again before the outbreak of the war and the beginning of his wonderful battle, single-handed, against the opinion of the world. The first was his epoch-making book about Russia, the most thorough study of the mysterious land of the Tsar which had been published. In it he spoke of the absolutism of the Tsar: 'Absolutism is morally and therefore legally dangerous to society and the state. It is impossible to improve it by peaceful means.' And all who knew Masaryk and his lifelong conflict with injustice could see that he was speaking, not only of the Russian Tsar, but of Hapsburg absolutism as well.

The other undertaking of Masaryk's brought him less into the public eye, but it was an important step in preparing for constructive action in the great war, which Masaryk, like other clear-sighted leaders in Europe, felt was not far off. When Serb and Bulgarian, both Slavic peoples, became entangled in wars and rumours of war, the one man to whom those who hoped for a peaceful settlement turned was Masaryk. How many friends he had in both countries! How much he

had done to protect their cause in the Austrian parliament! His efforts were proceeding successfully when the great war introduced a new era in history.

Let us stop a moment to look at him, as he was in Prague before the war broke out. To short-sighted folk at home, he was a rather popular university professor, nearing sixty-five, with hair and neat beard already sprinkled with grey, who seemed always to be conducting a battle somewhere—in the university, in the public press, in parliament. And always a battle for some one else, for justice, never for his own interests, which would have prospered much better if he had kept out of such affairs. To the decadent aristocrats around the Emperor in Vienna he was the most troublesome member of parliament they had ever encountered. Every move he made was looked upon with distrust and hatred. To a very few who knew him best he was a modern knight, 'sans peur et sans reproche', a champion of the truth no matter what it cost him—a hero who had fought, almost single-handed, against the sinister power of absolutism, never once whimpering at the blows he received, never appealing for help on account of the unequal struggle: he had faced the Hapsburg autocracy as equal against equal, confident in every encounter that the truth would win. To the different Slav peoples, groaning under Hapsburg or Russian Tsar, he was a keen-sighted leader, reasoning out for them all the best programme of activity to protect their national heritage and secure a measure of self-government. To himself, he was a professor of philo-

sophy who had put his thoughts into action. From his contact with the Austro-Hungarian Empire and its self-centred masters he was already convinced that a collapse was near at hand. Already he had made up his mind that when the crash came he must do what he could, cost him what it might, to rescue freedom for his people out of the wreckage. But surely no one, not even the quiet professor in his little house beside the castle stairs, could have dreamed that within five years he would be occupying that castle himself as the head of a new and progressive state.

'Courage and determination are not everything; there must be also a well-thought-out plan.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER XI

THE FINAL CONFLICT WITH THE HAPSBURGS

'FRANCIS FERDINAND ASSASSINATED!' screamed the headlines of the afternoon papers. Masaryk read the words one summer afternoon in Schandau, the lovely resort on the Elbe in southern Germany where he was spending the vacation with his family. The murder of the heir to the Hapsburg throne brought a sudden chill to Masaryk's heart. If this meant war, as it probably did, it would mean action for him, and danger and perhaps death. Not that he feared being called to military service—men of sixty-four were of course free from that. But he knew that in a war his place would be on the side against the Hapsburgs, and that meant persecution or exile, or both, for him. With the keenest interest he watched the diplomatic game which within a few weeks led to a declaration of war and the beginning of the cataclysm which shook the world. The German railroads were commandeered by the army, and for days the Masaryks could not return to Prague, four hours away, because of the endless stream of troop-trains as the German army mobilized. The streets were full of marching men, some soberly thoughtful, others vociferously drunk. Masaryk was impressed by the speed and efficiency of the Germans; the excellent arms issued to their troops, and the general spirit of confidence in a favourable outcome.

Arrived in Prague, he found the whole country under strictest censorship. The provincial assembly had been

dispersed by order from Vienna. The newspapers were permitted to print only what the police gave them. News of the outside world, even of Germany, was almost completely cut off. Some of the most outspoken Czech papers were confiscated by Imperial order. Evidently Vienna was afraid to trust the Czechs. This attitude was immediately reflected in the army by the Czech recruits. It was no secret that, unlike the Germans who hurried enthusiastically to join their regiments, Czech and Slovak soldiers entered active service unwillingly. They even dared to register an occasional sly protest. Along with the Austrian flag, as they marched through the Prague streets to the railroad station, they carried their own home-made Czech flags. On the doors of the box-cars in which they were transported, beneath the official notice '8 horses or 40 men' there was scrawled in chalk: 'Export of fresh meat to Russia!' 'Cannon fodder: export to Serbia', or they sang a song about 'going against the Russians, we don't know why'. The Austrian officers dared make no reply to such insubordination while they were in Prague; once they reached the front, however, reports began to come in of severe punishment meted out to Czech soldiers. And a little later, bit by bit, the reasons for such punishment filtered back to people at home. Czech soldiers had deserted by hundreds to the Russians. Everywhere Czech troops were showing their anti-Austrian feeling. The news moved Masaryk to a decision of his own.

'When I heard that a man had been hanged in Moravia, Masaryk writes, 'simply because he held in his possession

a Russian proclamation by the Grand Duke Nikolai, that this and that good patriot had been shot, I was ashamed that we politicians were still hesitant when our common folk were already active. I felt that our soldiers were putting into action what we had only preached. And I decided I could do no less than our troops: I must be on the side of those who were fighting against Austria. Now I must do my share too.'

From outside the Empire news began to come in, carried by secret agents, of the actions of Czechs against Austria abroad. In Paris a Czech mob had torn down the flag of the Austrian Embassy; in London and Chicago great anti-Austrian demonstrations had been organized by the Czechs in those cities. In France and Russia Czechs were volunteering into the armies to fight the Hapsburgs. The times called for action on Masaryk's part, but how? His conduct at this juncture is typical of the man's whole life. Before he could act effectively he must first know the facts. Instead of immediate action merely for the sake of action, he turned his whole energy for more than four months to the most thorough study imaginable.

It began by conversations with leaders of all the Czech political parties, to see how far they were ready to move in the anti-Hapsburg action. But it went much farther at once, in Masaryk's efforts to find out the exact situation in Berlin and Vienna. Personal visits there convinced him that if Germany and Austria were to win, life would go harder for the Czechs than ever. The arrival of an American sister-in-law gave Masaryk the opportunity to visit Holland, under the pretext of

taking her to her steamer at Rotterdam. Once out of the grasp of Austrian censors, Masaryk could get off letters to friends in France and London, and arrange certain interviews. He must know somewhat of the plans of the Allies, also, before he could determine the right course of action for his own people, and first of all for himself. His passport permitted him only a few days in Holland this time, but within a month he had secured another visa and spent two weeks in Amsterdam and the Hague.

Here he met Professor Seton-Watson of London, an old and trusted friend, who came with the consent of the British Government to discuss war-plans. Masaryk explained his own chief aim, an independent Czechoslovak state. So thoroughly did he succeed in convincing Seton-Watson that the latter not only reported favourably upon the plans in London, but sent a special memorandum about them to the Russian Tsar. The days in Holland were filled with careful study of the war literature of all the warring nations, and the compilation of what Masaryk called his 'balance-sheet'. Several times, as he moved about, Masaryk felt that he was being watched. Once some one tried to enter his room in a hotel. If Austrian spies could know what Masaryk had been doing in Holland, he would hang on the first gallows after he crossed the border on his way home. Correspondence with Professor Denis of Paris, long a friend of Czech independence, could be conducted from the neutral territory of Holland, and prepared the way for Masaryk's personal work in France a few months later.

Back in Prague again, Masaryk made the acquaintance of an American who was to play a brilliant part in the secret service which served the Czech cause so well all through the war. This was Mr. Voska, a Czech-born American citizen, who came to visit Bohemia about this time. After assuring himself of Voska's trustworthiness, Masaryk arranged a series of journeys for Voska to London, Paris, and New York, and then back again through Germany. To avoid detection Voska carried no written messages; a few figures jotted down in his note-book, but all communications he memorized. Within a short time Masaryk learned that Voska had successfully delivered his messages. The Russians even sent word in reply that Czechs who wished to give themselves up as prisoners on the Russian front should sing a well-known Slav song. Voska organized a whole courier service of citizens of neutral countries, which served to maintain communication with Prague long after Masaryk had left to go abroad.

For this was the decision he came to after four months of calm intense study. He had weighed everything in the balance, even the different national characteristics he knew so well from his omnivorous reading in his student years in Vienna. The task of convincing the Allies of the right to independence for a little people they had scarcely heard of would be a long one; if the war was to be short, there was not much chance for such a process of education. If it was to be a long war, then there was hope—time fights for truth. To read now what Masaryk drew up in 1914 and called his 'balance-

sheet' is fascinating. It shows so much foresight, such clever estimation of how each of the belligerents would act, that it might well have been written in 1920, when the whole war was already history. When Masaryk put it on paper the Allies expected to lose Paris, perhaps most of France, but he knew that the British would hold out till the last ship and the last man. By December 1914, a general wave of pessimism seemed to cover Europe. The first blows on either side had been indecisive, and no one was quite so confident of victory as in August or September. In the face of this disheartening atmosphere, Masaryk decided to go abroad, there to open active war against the Hapsburgs.

Stop a moment to consider what this meant. If Masaryk should wage a losing battle abroad, if the Central Powers should win the war, he could never return to his own country and people—his lifelong exile would be a matter of course.. And for his own people, a lost conflict would mean heavier chains, a crueller oppression. He was risking not merely his own life and happiness, and that of his family, but that of the whole Czech nation. And still, in the full consciousness of what the conflict would mean, he resolved that now was the time to fight Austria and that he must wage war, cost what it might.

Masaryk's first move after he had taken this fateful decision is typical of his daring all through the conflict. He had heard that Count Thun, the Lord Lieutenant of Bohemia, had already received from Vienna a list of people to be seized and imprisoned; his own name was

in the list. The Lord Lieutenant was the most powerful figure in Prague. He could imprison, and even, in wartime, execute a man on his own authority. Some people, knowing that they were listed by this man for imprisonment, would have done their utmost to avoid him: Masaryk went to call! The Count was visibly astonished at his appearance. Instead of the usual state reception room, he took his visitor into a smaller apartment, one end of which was closed by a heavy green curtain. Behind these heavy hangings, Masaryk knew, sat a stenographer taking down every word he said. As usual, he spoke plainly; he told the Lord Lieutenant of abuses in the army, of insufficient medical service, of the danger of anti-Jewish riots in Prague and of Czech feeling against the domination of Austria by Germany. As Masaryk left, Count Thun thanked him for his call, and remarked casually that no special measures had been taken against him. This was what Masaryk had come for; he knew that he could probably get abroad once more, before the Austrian police were put on his trail.

One thing remained to be done before Masaryk could feel ready to leave his country and undertake abroad the organization of a Czech drive against the Austrian government. He must complete the organization of some sort of home-committee with whom he could keep in touch, and which would provide the authority at home for his activities abroad. Again chance (or was it destiny?) brought him the partner he needed. One forenoon, Dr. Edvard Benes, a young journalist, came to call on Masaryk and asked the privilege of walking

with him to the office. On the way he explained his feeling about the situation.

'This is the time,' he said, 'when all those who long for a free Czech state should start some effort in that direction.'

'Good,' said Masaryk; 'I am already at it.'

And the rest of the walk to the office was occupied with more detailed plans and information. Benes had enough money of his own to enable Masaryk to begin work at once, and he promptly pledged his whole fortune to the enterprise. The two proceeded to form a secret society, the 'Maffia', made up of Czech leaders not prominent in political circles, since these would be less quickly suspected by the police. This organization was to conduct secret propaganda at home, and cipher correspondence with Masaryk and others abroad. So cleverly was this society planned that even after the first leaders were arrested, the Maffia continued under other men who quickly sprang into the vacant places, and carried on its effective work right through the war. With these careful preparations finished and a plan of action already thought out, Masaryk could leave Prague to begin work abroad.

If the Hapsburg police, that December day when Masaryk started for Italy, had only known what the whole world knew a few months later, they would have shot him in his tracks, rather than let him get out of the country. His daughter Olga had been ill, and Masaryk announced that he was taking her to Italy for special treatment. Fortunately he had a passport, visaed before

the war, so there was no need to ask the government for new permission to travel. They left Prague unmolested. The Viennese police said nothing as they passed through that city. But at the little station on the Italian border there was trouble. Here the moustachioed police captain, whether by order from Vienna or by using that sixth sense with which loyal officials seemed to detect enemies of the Hapsburgs, requested Masaryk to come to his office.

'I am very sorry, Professor,' he informed Masaryk, 'but the regulations require special permission for all travellers leaving the Empire.'

'But my passport is in order, isn't it?' Masaryk demanded.

'In order, yes,' was the reply, 'but without the special permission. I must telegraph to Vienna to get it.'

Masaryk looked at his watch. He knew the train for Venice would be leaving in an hour. He knew the usual speed of Austrian telegrams. He could not afford to give Vienna the chance to forbid his leaving. So he promptly began a long, friendly argument with the official, keeping him so engaged for half an hour that the telegram was sent about twenty minutes before time for the Venice train to leave. Just before train time Masaryk appeared in the police captain's office.

'I hope you have my permission to travel, now,' he asked?

'Not yet, sir,' the official responded, 'but it should be here within an hour.'

Masaryk put on a long face. 'Then I shall have to use

my privilege as a member of parliament, and go without permission: I cannot afford to miss that train.'

It was a daring move, but it worked. The official's jaw dropped, but he did not dare question the right so confidently assumed, and Masaryk and his daughter took their places in the train. Within fifteen minutes more, they were in Italy, and safe from fear of intervention from Vienna.

Although he did not know it then, Masaryk was starting on a voyage which would take him round the world, and make him an exile from his homeland for four years. Still he must have known it would take some time, as he contemplated the task before him. Here was a plain professor from a little-known university setting out almost unaided to win from the Allies in a great war, freedom and independence for a country whose name did not even exist. Convinced himself that the only way to achieve justice in Central Europe was to dissolve the old Hapsburg Empire, he must start out to convert to that policy France and England, whose whole political tradition deemed such a process extremely undesirable. He was placing himself and his people in the scales against Austria. If he won, it would mean independence for the Czechs; if he lost, it would mean oppression redoubled. For himself, a losing battle meant the choice between lifelong exile or an Austrian gallows.

Two reasons led Masaryk to Italy. It was still a neutral country, and therefore easier to get a visa. But besides this, Italy was one of the yet undecided factors in the European situation. Masaryk must discover, if

possible, which side Italy would join if she entered the war. He was overjoyed to discover in Rome the same distrust of Austria which reigned in Prague. If Italy entered the war at all, he learned, it would be with the Allies and against Berlin and Vienna. He called on his old friend, the historian Lombroso, who was astounded at his arrival. 'I heard you had been killed in Prague,' he exclaimed, 'and my paper published your obituary! That is a good omen: you will have a long life.' Masaryk established communication with London and St. Petersburg, now that he could use the mails without fear of Austrian spies, and was soon ready to move on to Geneva. With Italian friends he arranged a means of escape to Trieste, if he should re-enter Austria and need to flee. A friend took him in his motor-car up along the Ligurian coast, through the lovely cities of Sienna and Pisa, and from Genoa he went on to Geneva by train.

One of Masaryk's first tasks in Geneva, which was to be his head-quarters for some time, was to organize the best possible system of 'underground' communication with Prague. Austrian spies were everywhere. The Hapsburg government was so adept in using secret methods that anything to deceive them must be very clever. Many were the new tricks which Masaryk and a little circle of Czechs who worked with him devised. One was to use newspaper advertisements. By a code arrangement, a newspaper notice about an apartment for rent in Prague was made to convey important political news to Masaryk reading it in Geneva. Or

a paragraph in the *Journal de Genève*, which to all uninitiated readers in Prague seemed to advertise positions open to salesmen, was in reality a message from Masaryk to Benes, asking if he should return home. One messenger carried a microscopic letter in a hollow tooth: two hundred words printed on the finest silk. Another wore socks knitted of yarn on which a communication had been written in dots and dashes.

So successful and so swift was this secret communication that on several occasions Masaryk knew before they reached him of 'provocateurs', secret Austrian agents who pretended to be also enemies of the Hapsburgs, and he could guard himself against their wiles. Soon after he reached Geneva one of his couriers warned Masaryk that he must not attempt to return home. Orders had been issued for his execution as soon as he crossed the frontier. It was not long before Austrian agents were attempting to kill him, even under the protection of Geneva.

For within a few months after he left Prague this 'lonely Slovak' was making his influence felt in the farthest corners of the globe. He began by organizing the Czech people in Switzerland into committees to collect money and arrange to publish newspapers in Czech and French. Soon an active organization was working smoothly. The Czechs in England and France were next appealed to, and after that the still larger groups in Russia and the United States. As early as January 1915, a national congress of Czechs was held in Cleveland, which formed the centre for the splendid

efforts of Czechs in America to support Masaryk's labours for the freedom of their homeland. Within six months two Czechoslovak papers were being issued in Russia, one in Petrograd, and the other in Kiev. Official delegations from some of these foreign Czech colonies began to arrive in Geneva. More and more it became clear how the confidence of all Czechs abroad rested upon Masaryk; how from all sides he was recognized as their leader. Besides this Masaryk played an important role in the efforts being made by Serbs and Croatians in Switzerland; he helped them to plan their propaganda and aided in the preparation of one of their books.

But all this activity was unofficial, to a large degree non-political. Masaryk's friends began to urge some open declaration of their purpose against Austria. Such a declaration would mean the end of much of the useful work being done in Prague by Benes and his organization; it would compel some of the best men to seek refuge abroad. Nevertheless, a certain type of public statement was decided upon.

July 6th, 1915, was the fourth centenary of the martyrdom of John Hus, the great Czech reformer and patriot. After a treacherous trial, he had been burned at the stake: one Czech holding out to the last gasp against the Hapsburg torturers. Here in Switzerland, Masaryk now organized a great memorial meeting, where he and others spoke. He told of the tradition of Hus, and its meaning for the Czech nation. 'Hus and the reformers of his time demanded the right to think and act for them-

selves; the Czech nation faces exactly this problem to-day. Every Czech who knows his native history must decide: for or against Austria. Hus is our living programme.'

The meeting was reported in most of the countries engaged in the war, and everywhere its effect was what Masaryk hoped. In allied countries and in the minds of all Czechs who read the Hus speech, the conviction was brought home that the Czech struggle must be one for the triumph of right, based on the highest moral principles. In Prague and America and far-off Siberia the Czechs read and understood. In Vienna the Austrian government agents read of it and they, too, understood; the 'New Free Press' of Vienna denounced Masaryk's Hus celebration as 'the first Czech declaration of war against Austria'. The formal political announcement of hostilities came a few months later, but the Hus centenary in Geneva was really the first gun of the preliminary conflict. A little later Benes came to Switzerland, also prepared to remain abroad indefinitely, and the battle began in earnest.

Its head-quarters were moved to Paris; in Switzerland there was too much freedom for Austrian agents, and since the Czech cause was now to be joined with that of the Allies, Paris was a more suitable centre for operations. Swiftly Masaryk and Benes worked out their plan of campaign. Soon they were joined by a group of earnest Czechs from other countries, England and Russia and America. They were appalled to discover that in France, and England as well, scarcely any one had ever heard of the Czech nation, and no one thought

he had time to bother with such new matter. The war was taking every one's attention, and even that was going rather discouragingly for Paris and London. The Russian army had been badly beaten in Galicia; Bulgaria had joined the Central Powers; there came a serious reverse in Mesopotamia. Here the Czechs showed rare tactical skill in publishing a 'manifesto' which was really a declaration of war against Austria by the 'Czechoslovak Committee Abroad'. This statement repeated the Czech reasons for demanding independence and announced their willingness to co-operate with the Allies. In France and England the 'manifesto' made a deep impression. Here was new friendship: offered at a time when things were not going very well. French and British and even American papers wrote about it, and the world of the Allies began to learn something of the Czechoslovak struggle for freedom.

Perhaps it was the influence of the 'manifesto' which made it possible for Masaryk to secure an interview with Briand, Prime Minister of France. In a long conversation, Masaryk laid before the great Frenchman all the ideals and possibilities involved in his contention that the Austrian Empire was about to collapse like a house of cards. 'If the Central Powers win the war, Austria will become a mere tool in the hands of Germany. If the Allies win, the smaller nationalities within the Empire must have their liberty. One way to help the Allies win is to promise help to these smaller nationalities.' Briand was convinced. While no other allied statesman had as yet offered Masaryk any hope,

Briand promised his help. It was the first encouragement Masaryk had had in over a year's desperately hard work abroad.

Such activity could not be overlooked by the Hapsburg government. Scores of people suspected of sympathy with Masaryk were arrested. Masaryk himself was declared a traitor and all his property confiscated. His daughter Alice and Benes's wife were thrown into prison. The Masaryk home was searched from top to bottom, and Mrs. Masaryk lived in constant terror of the secret police. Still Czech patriots were risking their lives at home, or even going to their death, in defiance of Austria. Every week brought news of Czechs executed by Austrian orders, either for refusal to carry arms, or for attempting to escape to the Russian lines. The splendid young sculptor, Sapik, was called to the army, but remained firm in his decision never to fire a shot against his 'Russian brothers'. He fell in the first engagement against the Russians, but he kept his word. Kramar and Rasin, probably the two most prominent Czech leaders, were condemned to death, and lay in prison in Vienna.

Still the movement spread. Leaderless and hounded by secret agents, the members of the 'Maffia' continued their work. Comic songs about the Hapsburgs and derisive jokes about the Austrian army were set afloat, and spread like wildfire. The Austrian military reports announced a 'strategical movement towards the rear', and the next morning on the wall of Prague's largest cemetery there appeared an inscription: 'Rise, ye dead,

the Emperor is calling his last reserves'. Finally an 'underground newspaper' was organized. Its editors had to prepare each week's multigraphed issue in a different place. Once it was the basement of the museum, another time the bedroom of one of the men, a third week's edition went out from the shipping-room of a bookseller. Secret communication from abroad was increasingly difficult, but occasional messages continued somehow to get through the rigid censorship. Masaryk and Benes had resolved to do nothing usual in their secret correspondence with Prague—no false-bottomed trunks, no messages sewn into coat linings. Instead, they contrived ciphers which could pass as ordinary mail or 'buried' messages in ordinary newspaper clippings, which almost always evaded the police. Though contact between Czechs working and suffering at home and Czechs toiling abroad was pitifully meagre their spiritual union was remarkable. It was an apt phrase which one of the Prague workers used, in the darkest times, near the end of the war: 'We are building a tunnel, we in Prague and Masaryk abroad. We believe that very soon now we shall meet and join hands, our task completed.'

News of the heroic struggle at home soon awoke action abroad. In every country of the world where Czechs were living they began to join their efforts to help Masaryk and his committee in Paris. An American Czech wrote a fiery pamphlet, 'Now or Never', which inspired thousands of his compatriots to give their time and money to the good cause. Lest he be accused (as

he had so often before in his many conflicts) of being in the pay of the Allies, Masaryk made a strict rule that no one in his committees should receive financial aid from other than Czech sources. Within a few months Czechs and Slovaks in the United States had collected enough money to enable the Paris committee to carry on its work. Before the end of the war they had put into Masaryk's hands nearly a million dollars. In Russia the Czech committee had been received by the Tsar, who gave permission for organizing a special regiment in the Russian army made up of Czechs. Part of these had been living in Russia before the outbreak of the war and part were ex-soldiers in the Austrian Army, taken prisoners by the Russians. Already the world was beginning to see proof of the organization and the spirit of the Czechs.

The 'committee' in Paris reorganized itself into a 'National Council'. It was decided that Benes should remain in Paris while Masaryk went to work in London. Paris was the military head-quarters of the Allies, but London was the centre of political action. In London Masaryk found eager helpers in the persons of Professor Seton-Watson and Wickham Steed, the brilliant editor of *The Times*. Here, too, he found a way to support himself when he was offered a professorship in King's College. Through his lectures there, Masaryk was enabled to continue the educative process so necessary to make clear to the Allies, and especially to Great Britain, his aims and ideals for the Czechs. Masaryk's first triumph in London came at his opening lecture,

when Lord Robert Cecil presided, acting as substitute for Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. Masaryk spoke on 'The Problem of the Small Nations'. As he said himself the lecture contained little that was new: it was the same thing he had been preaching to his students for twenty years. The small nation must win its right to a place in the world by its character, its realization of moral ideals. The lecture had great success. It was quickly translated into French and widely read in that language also. Already one can mark progress. In Paris Masaryk had to wait for an interview with the Prime Minister; in London the Prime Minister agreed to preside at his first lecture.

Not everything went smoothly for Masaryk in England. He was still an Austrian citizen as his passport showed, and the British police were ever on the trail of enemy citizens. Time and again he had to report to police officials, and convince them of his loyalty to the Allied cause. And here in England he was watched, even attacked, by Hapsburg spies. Several nights, as he went home, he noticed a suspicious-looking fellow lounging about his garden gate. One night, which fortunately he spent in another part of England, the place was broken into and its contents thoroughly ransacked. Masaryk's reply to this attack was characteristic. He began to take regular pistol-shooting lessons in a public shooting gallery. He had always been a good shot: now he developed a proficiency which gave him bull's-eye hits almost every time.

This was evidently more than his enemies were willing

to face in open combat. They resorted to other measures. He began to have abscesses on his shoulders and arms, a recurrence of the same trouble he had had in Switzerland. Superficial treatment did no good, blood-poisoning set in, and at last an operation was necessary. The surgeons assured Masaryk that his illness was the result of poison with which his shirts had been impregnated as they were sent home from a laundry. For the second time he had escaped death at the hands of Austrian spies.

But the circle of friends was steadily increasing. Many influential people were coming to realize that this Czech professor, living with his daughter in a quiet London suburb on the edge of Hampstead Heath, riding back and forth to town each day on the 'bus' (for he had no automobile of his own and could not afford taxis)—that this was the same man whose former exploits they had read of in their newspapers. The Jews of the world knew him as the advocate of all Jewry against the medieval superstition of the Austrian Empire. They were glad, now, to be able to help him in return. Those who were interested in European politics were delighted to meet the man who had dared to expose Aehrenthal, and who had so courageously aided the Serbs in their struggle for independence. It was a brilliant group of such world politicians, teachers, bankers, journalists, who met frequently in the spacious salon of Wickham Steed, with its glowing fireplace and splendid Chinese vases. Here many 'conspiracies' were hatched—conspiracies how best to aid the Allied cause

and deep-laid plans to accomplish the downfall of the Hapsburgs and the liberation of the smaller nations. Some day the world will know the dramatic story of how Steed won from the Allied governments their recognition of the claims of these subject peoples to freedom. It would never have happened but for the long evenings such groups spent about Steed's fireplace or in his study listening to or debating with Masaryk.

An incident of those difficult times is revealing. One day Masaryk and Steed were alone in Steed's study when a lady, a close friend of both, appeared with a newspaper. At first she hesitated to show it to Masaryk, but finally put it into his hands, indicating a brief paragraph dated from Vienna. Masaryk scanned it silently, handed the paper to Steed, and, hands clenched behind him, leaned against the bookcase. Steed read:

'Miss Alice Masaryk, who has been in prison here for months, was to-day condemned to death by shooting. The charge against her is high treason.'

For a moment no one spoke. The lady broke the silence:

'This is terrible—' she began. Masaryk straightened himself with a sharp intake of his breath.

'A man never goes into a thing like this,' he said slowly, 'without counting the cost—the cost to himself and to others. It was no easy matter to decide to ask our people to undertake armed revolution: that often means brother against brother on the Russian front. It would be easy to retreat from the way we have set ourselves. But no, we must go ahead.' Never after-

ward, Steed said, did Masaryk refer to the danger hanging over his daughter. She was eventually freed and could take part in the wonderful welcome Prague prepared for her father when victory was won and he could return from exile.

The eighteen months Masaryk lived in England were filled with ceaseless activity. He wrote newspaper articles, lectured at the university. He made occasional visits to France to confer with Benes and the others in the National Council. On one of these journeys he had planned to cross the Channel on the ill-fated *Sussex*. A telegram from Benes asked Masaryk to come later, and he postponed his trip. The *Sussex* was torpedoed by a German submarine and went down with all on board. But these months of grinding toil against constant discouragement brought Masaryk one great victory. In the Allied reply to Wilson's note asking their war aims, 'the freedom of the Czechoslovak peoples' was listed as one of the objects of the war. At last Masaryk's efforts were officially recognized, his ideals for his own people approved by the great powers.

Three hundred years before, in the darkness of defeat, when the Hapsburgs had crushed the last remnant of his country's independence, a great Czech patriot, also in exile, wrote these words:

> 'I, too, believe before God that when the storms of wrath have passed, to thee shall return the rule over thine own affairs, O Czech people!' Comenius (*c.* 1640).

Could it be possible that now that prophecy was about to be realized?

'I have little liking for "ifs" in history; I prefer facts.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER XII

FIGHTING THE RUSSIAN CHAOS

IN the meantime came news of the revolution in Russia. The Tsar had abdicated and a new liberal government was in charge. In Russia were fifty thousand Czechs, prisoners of war, part of them already formed into regiments to fight against Austria. For months the Czech committees in Russia had been urging the man they all looked to for leadership to come and help with this great organization. As author of *The Spirit of Russia*, a book which had so sharply attacked the autocracy of the Tsar, Masaryk would have been no very welcome guest under the old régime. But the new government was headed by Miliukov, one of his oldest friends, and it was to be a democratic government. Now the issues of the war were clearly joined. It was democracy on one side against the autocracy of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs on the other. Masaryk decided that now was the time to visit Russia.

The journey again was fraught with danger. While waiting in a small British port for passage Masaryk learned that the steamer he expected to sail in had been sunk by a German submarine. Again Masaryk started, this time from Aberdeen, the steamer escorted by British destroyers; and although this time they were unmolested by submarines the ship escaped hitting a mine only through the quick-witted action of her captain. Bergen, Norway, was reached in safety, and Masaryk proceeded to Christiania over what is probably

the most charming railway journey in Europe. For an hour or two the train slides along by the blue fjords, with granite cliffs falling steeply into the sea, then it climbs sharply until at noon, after lunch on the highest point of the road, the passengers may play at snowballs even in midsummer. The long incline down the other side of Norway was equally interesting. Masaryk noted the haymakers on the high slopes with little racks on which they spread the fresh-cut grass to dry. From Christiania, or Oslo as it is called now, he went across Sweden to Stockholm, almost as pro-Austrian as Berlin. Here he spent but a few hours, for he had an English passport made out in a name not his own, and he had been warned against possible interference with his journey by German or Austrian agents.

Sweden was unlike Norway: rather a monotonous stretch of rolling rocky hills, with occasional groves of birches, brilliant white against the green of the pine forest. They passed peat bogs with stacks of next winter's fuel already cut and stood up to dry. It was only a few hours by boat from Stockholm to Petrograd, his destination, but that route was blocked by Russian mine-fields, and the long three days' detour must be made round the end of the Bothnian Gulf. The railroad had just been constructed to carry this unusual war-time traffic, and its road-bed was so rough that the dining-cars were fitted with 'fiddles' to hold the plates on the tables, just as aboard ship in stormy weather. All bridges and stations were guarded by Swedish troops in their blue-grey uniforms. A Swedish Red

Cross train bearing its terrible burden of hopeless war invalids to be exchanged at the Finnish border reminded him how the whole of Europe was overborne with the horrors and the sorrows of war.

Petrograd was altered since the last time Masaryk had visited it. The street scenes were almost the same—the mixture of all the varied nationalities of the broad Russian Empire, peasants in birch-bark shoes rubbing elbows with men as well-dressed as in the best of London streets; students in uniform, war veterans covered with medals; long-gowned, long-haired priests, and workmen with white aprons and heavy hatchets repairing the famous wooden pavements on the Nevsky Prospect. This Masaryk remembered from his other visits. But there was a new spirit in the air, a new sense of freedom, which he had never felt before. The newspapers were printing, openly, what only a few weeks before most people would not have dared to think. The posters on all the hoardings made proclamations in the name of 'The Provisional Government'. He read of the arrival of a group of exiles, banished to Siberia by the Tsar, now free to return after years in those frozen wastes to participate in their country's affairs. But besides this there was a sense of unrest; some people were already beginning to listen to the words of another exile who had come home, this one in a sealed railroad car through Germany: Lenin was his name. He was attacking the Provisional Government, and trying to persuade the soldiers not to fight any more. A cloud of black ravens which hung over the Finland Station when

he arrived seemed to Masaryk to be a bad omen—trouble lay ahead, here in Russia.

Masaryk had one great errand here. The Czechoslovak National Council in Paris was practically recognized by the Allies as a government. But it was a government without a state and, worse still in war time, without an army. In Russian prison-camps were tens of thousands of Czechs and Slovaks, former Austrian soldiers, to be formed into the army the Paris committee had dreamed of. Already in France and Italy there were small bodies of 'Legionaries', former Czech prisoners, in Allied uniform. In Russia a larger unit had been in existence for two years, and now the new Government had authorized Masaryk to organize a still more formidable body of troops. At first it was intended that this army should fight in Russia; later events changed this plan, and Masaryk soon concluded the first treaty his Government had ever made: an agreement with the French government to send to France 30,000 Czechoslovak troops.

This was far easier said than done. The Czechs were willing. How eagerly they had awaited his arrival may be judged from a paragraph in the Czech newspaper in Petrograd:

'He has arrived. At last our waiting is over. The most ardent desire of our hearts is fulfilled. Professor Masaryk, so loved by us all, is at last among us. Our "Little Father", our wise leader. The news of his arrival speeds over all Russia. It flies to our heroic fighters in front-line positions; it will reach the farthest prison camp, and everywhere there will be boundless, inexpressible joy, and new hope.'

The Czechs were ready to form a new army, but the Russians either could not or would not make it possible. With kaleidoscopic swiftness those in charge of the government changed. Miliukov, an old and trusted friend of Masaryk, was driven from his place and succeeded by Kerensky. Changes as sudden were going on all over Russia. One general would issue orders for the formation of a Czech Corps, and before he could see it carried out he would be superseded by some one else who cared nothing about the whole matter. Russia was beginning to collapse. Even the brilliant victory at Zborov, with Czech and Russian troops storming the heights held by the Germans, could not disguise from Masaryk the fact that Russia's power to continue the war was swiftly ebbing. But he never lost courage. When one minister was overthrown, he began at once to cultivate the next, to explain how here within their own country was a new army, if only they could assist its organization, an army trained to hardship and fired by a new patriotism, eager to battle against Austria. He wrote letters to all the Czechs. He penned articles for their papers as far as his time permitted; he visited the camps where thousands were still held as Austrian prisoners. And everywhere his message was the same: 'Hold out a little longer; we shall yet go home, victorious, to a free country.' Russia was in collapse; the victory of the Allies was threatened. If they lost, then Masaryk and the Czechs were lost, as well, but still their leader never wavered.

The next few months were enough to have tried the

courage of a lion. The disorder in Russia grew worse. The Communists tried to take over the government by force. In Petrograd street fighting was so fierce that Masaryk's friends urged him to go to Moscow for safety. Arrived there, his cab had just reached the square in front of the great Metropole Hotel, in the heart of the city, when firing began around him, machine guns spitting from all the cross-streets. The siege of Moscow had begun. Masaryk hastily took refuge in the hotel, which, unfortunately for the group of foreigners living there, became one of the last strongholds of the loyal 'White' troops against the 'Reds'. For six days the hotel was under fire. Machine-gun bullets entered Masaryk's room. Finally, they all had to descend to the cellars for safety. When the fighting was over and the Communists in command of the city, the hotel guests chose Masaryk as their spokesman to deal with the city's new rulers. Not a window was left in the Metropole; its heavy stone walls had withstood the rain of bullets, but it was pitted as thoroughly as though it had undergone a bad case of small-pox. Streets were still blood-stained, and every few minutes a cab would rattle past with the stiffened corpse of some combatant behind a barricade being sent home to his family. Masaryk approached the Communist soldier on guard at the hotel entrance. Besides his rifle, the man had somehow come into the possession of a fine officer's sabre. Evidently he had not washed for a week. On his soldier's cap the red cockade had replaced the old Tsarist emblem.

'When are you going to let us out of here?' Masaryk asked.

The wild-looking fellow stopped chewing a crust of bread long enough to tap his sword significantly: 'Who knows?' he remarked with a shrug. 'If I feel like it, I'll let you all go. If I want to, I'll kill you. I'm master now.'

For the next few months all Russia was turned into a battle-ground. Fighting might break out at any place at any moment. Already the Russian army, two million strong, was beginning to demobilize itself, and cities were crowded with restless men, careless of the future, and most of them armed. Travel on the railroads became a nightmare: hundreds were killed daily by falling from the roofs of trains, or slipping from a precarious foothold on the steps. And Masaryk must travel most of the time. He lived in Kiev through the ten-day siege of that city. When Kiev, too, fell into Bolshevik hands, Masaryk decided that if ever he got his Czech army organized it would not be needed in Russia. He concluded a treaty with the Communist Government providing for the withdrawal of the Czech troops from Russia via Vladivostok on the Pacific coast. The Bolsheviks were about to conclude a separate peace with the Central Powers. With the Germans once abroad in Russia, Masaryk's efforts would be useless.

In spite of immense difficulties, Masaryk's army was organized, a separate corps of troops, trying to keep clear of the civil war raging in Russia, harassed by Bolshevik agitators, who urged them to become Com-

munists and march against all Europe. Food, clothing, and money were supplied only with the utmost difficulty. There were occasional local conflicts between Czech and Russian Reds, but on the whole the Czechs obeyed the insistent instructions of the Professor who had become Commander-in-Chief, and over 30,000 men were under arms and started, train-load after train-load, on the five thousand miles to Vladivostok, the port of embarkation for France. The story of the wonderful journey of this army, the battles they fought, the discipline they maintained in the midst of disintegrating Russia, is a whole book of adventure in itself. With this hard task finished, Masaryk knew that he had done everything possible here. He must now go to complete his task in America. The United States had already declared war, and Masaryk could see that the next great decision about its purpose would be made there.

In normal times, the quickest express trains covered the distance between Moscow and Vladivostok in nine days. It took Masaryk more than three weeks to complete the journey, travelling in an ambulance car which was being sent to the Far East. He watched the miles of endless steppes go by. At each large city the train would stop for two hours or perhaps a whole day while the passengers searched the town for food to last until the next station, a day or more farther on. Masaryk had great sport talking politics with four Bolshevik soldiers sent along to guard the train. They were wild-looking men, but really only good-natured children, once he had their confidence. In spite of endless delays, due to

broken tracks, or wrecks along the road, or to repairs to their own train, on they pressed; through Omsk, the military head-quarters for eastern Siberia, past Krasnoyarsk, where one of the largest prison-camps in the world was being broken up. The train skirted the southern edge of Baikal, loveliest of the lakes of Asia, and after days of further travel, they reached Vladivostok at last.

When Masaryk arrived in Japan a few days afterwards, he discovered that he was already a world-figure. The battles of the Czech forces, the progress towards recognition made in Paris, and the exact state of affairs in mysterious Russia, made him a man much sought after by Allied leaders. The American ambassador asked him to prepare a memorandum about Russia for President Wilson. The British and French ambassadors asked practically the same thing for their governments. After two weeks in Japan, reading, writing, and interviewing important people, Masaryk was ready to sail for America.

'Thus it came to pass that American democracy, and democracy in general, buried the Hapsburg Monarchy and the Hapsburgs with it.'

MASARYK

CHAPTER XIII

FREEDOM AT LAST

BETWEEN Vancouver, where he landed, and Chicago, Masaryk stopped only once, in St. Paul. After Prague, Chicago is the next largest Czech city in the world. Here a striking reception had been prepared for him. He found the streets between the station and his hotel hung with Czech and American flags. A great procession, with military bands and mounted marshals, escorted him to his hotel; speeches were made in the streets. It was the first taste of the welcome which awaited him in every American city he visited, and which has greeted him in every city of his own country ever since.

An even more flattering reception awaited Masaryk when he reached Washington, a few days later. Headed by his old friend, Charles R. Crane, a large group of senators and congressmen formed a committee of welcome which met him at the station. Soon he was doing his usual work: interviewing important people; giving interviews for the newspapers; lecturing to groups interested in Central Europe or in Russia; helping the Czech committees in the United States to raise funds to carry on their work. As always he insisted that this money must come from Czechs or their friends, without appeal to special classes. When urged to address a special request to Czech bankers in Chicago, he remarked: 'I have not appealed specially to Czech

miners in Ohio, or to Czech farmers in Texas. I shall not approach Czech bankers, either. This is a task for us all.' Everywhere he awakened interest in the Czech cause. Everywhere he was a walking newspaper, agitating for the overturn of the Hapsburg Empire, and freedom for the Slavic peoples.

Beside Crane, he met other friends, old and new, who were specially helpful. There was Brandeis, a Jewish lawyer and member of the Supreme Court, to whom the name of Masaryk had been familiar ever since the Hilsner case, many years before the war. There were college presidents like Eliot and Butler. There was ex-president Roosevelt, in spite of oncoming disease still vigorously fighting for his country's cause against Germany. Masaryk cultivated all the leading foreign diplomats in Washington. He hob-nobbed with the nation's foremost journalists. Before long his efforts were rewarded. The British government announced its recognition of the Czechoslovak nation's right to full independence. A few days later the American government made a similar declaration which included all the Slav peoples. Within another week this purpose was officially adopted by a council of all the Allies in Versailles. An important point of Masaryk's struggle was won. His claim to independence for his people was now officially made part of the object of the war.

One night the telephone rang in a New York apartment where a family was just sitting down to dinner. Mrs. Masaryk's sister answered the phone.

'This is Tomas,' she heard. 'When could I see you?'

'Come out at once; we'll wait dinner for you,' was the reply.

So Masaryk came to his sister-in-law's home for the first evening among kin that he had spent in the year since he had left his daughter in England. How he did appreciate their friendly faces, the warmth of their welcome! They fell into talk of Charlotte, alone and ill in Prague, surrounded by Hapsburg spies, her family scattered abroad. Then what a tale of travel and adventure he had to tell them!

'You cannot know how I have missed her, these past four years,' Masaryk told them. 'Many times, deprived of her insight into affairs and her foresight into the future, I have been completely incapacitated. Yet I know we have been working together—our minds are so in tune, that I believe we almost think the same thoughts.'

Then he went on to tell of his plans in America. He already had many powerful friends. His cause was making progress. Senators and other political leaders were urging Czech independence. Yet there was one man who held in his hands all the decisions of America, Woodrow Wilson.

'I must get to see Wilson,' Masaryk said. 'People in Washington say it cannot be done.' Here he threw forward his hand, with the peculiar bend of the thumb his friends had learned to associate with his firm determination. 'But I *will* see him!'

As always Masaryk was prepared when the oppor-

tunity came. Less than a month from the conversation with his sister-in-law, Masaryk was invited to the White House. That interview began a close relationship between the two men which continued up to Wilson's death. Masaryk had carefully studied all of Wilson's speeches, and was able to support every statement of his own by quotations from utterances by Wilson. As the interview closed, Wilson asked Masaryk to continue sending memoranda upon any topics he thought timely. In an hour's conversation Masaryk had won the President of the United States to his own opinion. This was of course easier because of the high moral attitude on the war which both men held in common. Both believed that the war must put an end to war. Both demanded that peace should be made upon the highest principles of justice and right. Wilson would have thoroughly agreed with the closing statement in Masaryk's great book about his own struggle: 'Jesus, not Caesar, is our ideal.'

From this point events moved rapidly to the close of the war. There was the victorious advance of the Allies in France, the heroic struggle of the Czech Legion in Siberia and North Russia. One after another the great powers, France and England and the United States, recognized the Czechoslovak state and its army, accepted the National Council in Paris headed by Masaryk as the provisional government of Czechoslovakia. On October 14, 1918, Masaryk issued in Washington a Declaration of Independence, proclaiming Czechoslovakia as a free and independent state. The allied

countries received accredited diplomats from the new government and the Republic of Czechoslovakia came into being.

Meanwhile in Prague things had been changing rapidly. Towards the end of the war, Czech patriots had been more and more bold in their defiance of the Austrian police. Over a period of several months, a series of meetings had been held which crystallized the feeling of the entire Czech nation. Two weeks after Masaryk's Washington declaration of independence, a national committee in Prague repeated it at home, and in an almost bloodless revolution took over the government, stores, offices, and management, from the Hapsburgs. The tall slender column which the Hapsburgs had erected in the old town square to commemorate their final conquest of the Czechs, three hundred years before, was pulled crashing to the ground. The 28th of October became for all Czechs what the 4th of July is for Americans.

A fortnight later, there convened in Prague the first National Assembly of the new state. No one present will ever forget the flag-draped hall, the largest in Prague, and the tremendous enthusiasm of those happy days. The Assembly declared the Hapsburg domination ended. They proclaimed a republic and as its first president Tomas G. Masaryk was chosen by acclamation. No vote was necessary. As one of the delegates asked, who else could be thought of, to head the new state? Just as in the American Revolution, when George Washington was so evidently the only man to

be considered as first president, so here with Masaryk. The Czech constitution provides that the president, chosen for seven years, may never be re-elected—except Masaryk; in gratitude and appreciation for his leadership, and the wonderful conflict he waged to liberate his people, the constitution expressly provides that Masaryk may be re-elected as many times as there are election days during his life. As the Slavs say, 'May he have many, many years!'

In America Masaryk entered immediately upon his new duties. As head of the new state, he issued orders to all the Czech legions abroad; those in Italy and France were soon to return home; those in Siberia to hold their positions and continue co-operation with the Allies. In Washington Masaryk made a farewell call on President Wilson, and just before leaving for New York signed an agreement for the first Czech national loan of $10,000,000. His daughter Olga had joined him in New York and a few days later they were ready to sail for Europe.

That morning a detachment of marines, rifles shouldered, swung up Park Avenue and took their position at the door of Masaryk's hotel. New Yorkers had seen thousands of marines during the war, but this company, had they known it, was different. This was the first official escort for the head of a friendly state which New York had experienced since the war began. The marines presented arms as Masaryk stepped into his car, and marched with it to the dock. The teamster's son who had come to America as an almost unknown

professor was leaving it as the Chief Executive of a new state, with the full military honours due to his position.

How different this voyage was from the others Masaryk had made in his long life! The ship sailed with open lights: no German submarines to fear. Even aboard ship Masaryk was not allowed to forget that he was no longer a private individual, but an official personage. He was reminded of the first time he had crossed from New York to Europe. Then he travelled in a creaking old ship, a hopeful young student, with his new bride and all the world before him, with only the most indefinite plans for the years ahead. Here he was, on one of the Atlantic's best liners, every step he made a matter of almost world-wide interest, because he was President of the Czechoslovak Republic. Instead of vague hopes of what he would do, at home, he was constantly turning over in his busy brain the very definite and almost overwhelming problems of the new government.

In London it was the same. Where before, he had been watched suspiciously by British police, now he was received in the state befitting his high position. He was entertained by the Foreign Secretary; other honours were heaped upon him. But he enjoyed much more the long talks he had with Steed and Seton-Watson, the true friends who had helped him so much when first he came to England, and before he started on what he had never dreamed would be a voyage round the world. Again in Paris, Masaryk was received by the President of the Republic. He had opportunity to thank Clemen-

ceau and above all Briand for their support during the hard years of the war. He visited the Czech Legion in camp in Darney amid the wildest enthusiasm of those fighters who had trusted to the last the leader they had never seen.

Then on to Italy, where pressing matters of state must be arranged before he should reach Prague. At the Italian border, a royal courier presented him with an invitation to be the guest of King Victor Emmanuel. 'Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings,' says the proverb. Surely no one would have suspected Masaryk of lack of diligence at the task he had set himself when he began his exile, here in Italy, four years ago! And yet who would have dreamed, then, of this reward of effort, or these high honours?

Of the glorious reception in Prague we already know. In his own memoirs Masaryk passes it by with a few words. Then he goes on to tell of visiting his wife in the sanatorium, and of spending a sleepless night in the Castle. It was a beautiful reunion. Ill and worn as she was, some had feared that Charlotte would not be able to appreciate her husband's return. But they met like lovers after a week's separation, all the nightmare of war and persecution past. The dream of both their hearts now fully realized: his people, and hers, a free and independent nation.

'It is easy to write a fine constitution: less easy to apply it finely and consistently.'

MASARYK

MASARYK IN HIS LIBRARY
(THE STOVE BELONGED TO THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE)

CHAPTER XIV

THE YEARS OF BUILDING

THE years that have passed since that triumphal entry into Prague have brought out many times the same high qualities of leadership which Masaryk had shown all through the sixty years before. As he himself said, it was not enough to have overthrown the Hapsburg autocracy: the Czechoslovak people must conquer in themselves the effects of three hundred years of oppression. They must avoid becoming themselves oppressors of the non-Czech people in their new country, Germans, Hungarians, or Jews. Through many difficult days in the new state, Masaryk maintained his influence by the same means which won him victory in the four years of the war. Not fine oratory, not intriguing diplomacy, not romantic dreaming and fanciful plans have been his methods. His weapons are those of the spirit: truth and justice. His whole life-experience confirms the verity of the Hussite war-cry he has chosen for the president's motto: 'Truth conquers.' Tell the truth, risk all you have in its defence if it is attacked, and victory will never fail you.

In this spirit the last ten years have passed; fruitful years, rich in the devotion of his own people, and the respect of all the world. There have been difficult times, with enemies outside and discontent within the borders of the Czechoslovak Republic. There have been great festivals, like that organized to celebrate the President's

seventy-fifth birthday. Through them all Masaryk has moved as calmly as ever, wise counsel meeting every danger, clear thinking showing the best road to progress. There have been family joys and sorrows: Charlotte Masaryk died a few years after the revolution, never having regained her health; grandchildren have come to share vacations with him on the lovely old estate in Slovakia where he spends the late summer months. Honours have come to him, and great power. But none of these have changed his democratic nature or altered his intimate comprehension of the simplest of his fellow citizens. Through his wise leadership the Czechs and Slovaks have made their new state not only happy and prosperous for themselves, but a strong force for world peace and international goodwill. Emil Ludwig, citizen of a former enemy nation, has put into a few words the summary of the President's life:

'If I were asked to name him who, among living men, deserves the highest rank, I should say Masaryk, the Czech. No statesman in the whole world to-day has so great a moral right to live in his palace as the wise, brave old man in the Castle at Prague.'

It was from his library in the Castle, its walls stacked to the ceiling with books, its windows looking out over what is doubtless one of the loveliest pictures any city in Europe can offer, the thousand towers and varicoloured roofs of Prague with the silvery river and its ancient bridges basking in the sunshine, that Masaryk went out on October 28, 1928, for the opening ceremonies of the Tenth Anniversary of the Czechoslovak

MASARYK WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN

Republic. Ten years before the committee in Prague had taken the government into their own hands. Of course he had been asked to help plan the ceremonies which should mark the country's tenth birthday. And he chose to begin it with a reception to the nation's youth. Twenty-five thousand of the school youth of Prague had marched through the flag-draped streets that morning, and now they were waiting before the palace, one mass of gay faces which filled every corner of the great square, spread up and over the high balustrades, and out into the side streets.

How noble he appeared to them that morning, as he stepped out on the balcony to greet his youthful fellow citizens! Erect and vigorous, with the high-domed head the sculptors have loved to model, pointed gray beard, and kindly glance. They resolved never to forget his words. For the youth of other lands, and all who love to honour a true hero, his message is set down here.

'I wish you all God's blessing and sound health, that you may live long. It is not difficult to be healthy, if you do your own part. Don't be afraid of water or the open air and sunshine. Be moderate in eating, and avoid all alcoholic drinks. In your games, or when you do your lessons, play with joy and work with zest. Never shirk work. I am myself grateful that I learned a trade. Work makes a man practical. We are all called to work of some sort—each according to his talents. Society needs workers of all kinds. All of us who work honestly are equal, and a good blacksmith is no less admirable than a good president.

'The years fly; soon you will grow up, and you will become fathers and mothers yourselves. Treat your parents

as you would like your children to treat you. Keep the rule in all things of doing to others as you would they should do to you. Love your country, your nation, and your native tongue. You must live in harmony with all your fellow citizens though they may differ in calling, in language, or religion from yourselves. We are all equal, we must all be equally free.

'Perhaps in this company there stands a future President of the Republic. Mr. Future President, I have a few words for you. You must be able to look your fellow citizens and the whole world in the face, for you must carry out our high ideals, the ideals of our history. In thirty or forty years you will be speaking to the children from this place, and you can say to them: Years ago we promised our first President here that we would be faithful to the motto of our forefathers, on the standard floating over the Castle. Hear the rustle of that flag. It seems to be speaking to us: "Truth will conquer", it says. Guard that flag; believe its motto; hand it down unspotted to coming generations.'

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